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IN THE ENTIRE SACCO-VANZETTI case there is surely no more outrageous happening than that the final motion should have had to be made to Judge Webster Thayer. With other judges available, with the Lowell committee's criticism of his indiscretion on record, how can the rest of the world be persuaded that there is other than a foul conspiracy against justice? Over the plea of the defendants' counsel, who urged that another magistrate have the opportunity to examine the latest motion for a new trial, it was Judge Thayer who, like an avenging Nemesis, ruled on the motion, and denied it. If this had been intended as a cruel witticism, a dreadful and bloody jest, it might have some point. But it was doubtless the result of an honest man's conviction, which somehow makes it more dreadful and more meaningless. Government has taken up arms against Sacco and Vanzetti. Thus we are not surprised that a meeting on Boston Common on Sunday, August 7, was broken up by police because "speakers assailed the courts of the Commonwealth and criticized the testimony of State witnesses at the trial of the two radicals." Lese majeste has become a crime in America. And one of the last pages of this pitiful story of two Italian workingmen was written when the Holland-America Line refused to permit Luigia Vanzetti, sister of the condemned man, to take ship for America on the melancholy errand of seeing her brother once before he died. Her passport was in good order, and approved by the American consul, she had purchased a return ticket and thus was not in danger of becoming a burden to the steamship company in case of deportation. Nevertheless she was not allowed to go on board ship. It seems an inoffensive enough reason for coming to America. But government is up in arms; and its arms are long and far-reaching.

WHEN WE SPEAK ELSEWHERE about our disappointment at Governor Fuller's inability to rise above class and political prejudice, we had in mind, among other things, his point of view when he was in Congress. He was a Representative from Massachusetts on November 19, 1919, when the issue before the House was the expulsion of Congressman Victor L. Berger of Wisconsin. In a speech filling thirteen pages of the *Congressional Record,* Governor Fuller called for "the execution of the whole Red scum and brood of anarchists, Bolsheviks, I. W. W.'s, and revolutionaries." He also showed his feelings in these words:

> The expulsion of Berger may be the crucifixion which he characterized it, but it is the same sort of crucifixion which sent Debs and big Bill Haywood behind the bars, which suppressed Berkman and Emma Goldman and which has brought the hand of the law down upon a host of Reds who have plotted the destruction of the Government of the United States in the hope of substituting the rule of anarchy.

What a cruel irony of fate that the same Fuller should have become the final arbiter in this case that has stirred the entire world!

IT IS REFRESHING on public occasions, when the usual polite platitudes are being passed back and forth by the speakers of the day, to have somebody get up and say something. Thus Vice-President Dawes, at the opening of the International Peace Bridge connecting the United States and Canada, was the only speaker at the celebration who spoke frankly of what must have been in the minds of everyone present, the failure of the Geneva disarmament conference due to the disagreement between the United States and Great Britain. The peace bridge is a fitting memorial to a century of amicable relations between two great nations; yet a hundred years of peace, and an unguarded frontier between this country and Canada but point the way to what our relations should be with England. War with that country, we are told, is "unthinkable," and so certainly it should be. But we have plenty of evidence that a number of persons on both sides of the ocean spend all their time and energy thinking about it and many are planning for it. The quibble over cruisers is all the proof necessary that this is the case. Two countries with an honest desire to disarm and a determination never to go to war with each other do not spend their time worrying over how many and how big are to be the battleships of either. Vice-President Dawes said or implied as much in his speech. But Secretary Kellogg and the Prince of Wales and even Governor Smith contented themselves with the usual empty courtesies.

THE SUBJUGATION OF HAITI goes on from month to month with the busy public of the United States ignorant of or indifferent to the injustices and brutalities


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of an occupation which is not only illegal in itself but has got nowhere in the direction of reconciling the natives to it. In our International Relations Section this week we print a translation of a powerful address before the International Congress Against Colonial Oppression and Imperialism in Brussels, in which are detailed some of the outrages against freedom of the press in Haiti. We also publish a letter received by *The Nation* from the penitentiary in Port-au-Prince, signed by seven editors and two others under detention. Although arrested on June 24, two of the prisoners had not yet been arraigned when the letter was written a month later. Neither American nor Haitian law seem to have any standing with our new *conquistadores*. They are in Haiti to make it safe for American investment and exploitation—and law and justice do not in the least matter.

THE IDYLLIC CONDITIONS that now prevail in the management of our railroads as contrasted with the evils which many think would attend government ownership are constantly being held up before our admiring gaze. Only once in a while are we allowed to see that there is another side to the picture. Just now it is the Interstate Commerce Commission itself which has lifted the lid. It has castigated the management of the Erie Railroad for violations of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act and for the actions of the president's son, Russell S. Underwood, who as president of several companies, had lucrative contracts with the Erie and other railroads which resulted in their being asked to pay excessive prices for services rendered. The commission, speaking through Commissioner McManamy, declares:

> We cannot disregard transactions such as these which, made under the circumstances and conditions herein described, are not only in conflict with "honest, efficient, and economical management and reasonable expenditures for maintenance," but are repugnant to sound business methods and in some cases at least repugnant to good conscience.

Under Section 10 of the Clayton Act a common carrier is forbidden to have contracts beyond $50,000 with another corporation when the carrier has among its officers anyone identified with the railroad. R. S. Underwood became associated with the Hudson Shipbuilding and Repair Company as superintendent, although wholly without practical experience; he later became a director of the Chicago and Erie Railroad, a subsidiary of the Erie. The commission finds itself unable to estimate the exact amount of which the Erie was mulcted by the three subsidiaries with which R. S. Underwood was connected. It emphatically voices its regret, however, that the statute of limitations has run and that therefore no criminal proceeding can be brought against those responsible. In view of the fact that the Erie Railroad finds it so hard to get along, it would seem as if it were time for the stockholders to do a little investigating and acting on their own account.

THE BITUMINOUS COAL STRIKE is again brought to public attention by the reports of rioting in Ohio and Pennsylvania, the burning of tipples, and the wounding of guards and strikers. The determination of certain operators to break the four-months' strike and force the miners to accept the wholly inadequate 1917 wage scale, if pressed, will probably result in martial law in important sections. From the viewpoint of the 200,000 miners on "vacation" since April 1, the whole situation is very discouraging, for no signs of any permanent settlement are in sight. Their predicament, as everyone recognizes, is the result of the laissez-faire over-production in the bituminous coal mines. This enables the miners to produce 700,000,000 or more tons while the nation requires only approximately 500,000,000. The miner pays by unemployment through strikes or lack of work. Actually, since 1920, the average soft-coal miner has worked only about 167 days per year. Furthermore, the necessity of his being subject to call has prevented him from finding employment elsewhere. Confronted with the same facts in 1914, the Illinois Coal Operators' Association and the Indiana Bituminous Coal Operators' Association reported to the President: "Only the nation can reverse this tendency and provide against it." And similarly, the same disorganization was revealed by the recent Hammond Commission whose report and suggested remedies the present Administration entirely ignored. The coal situation remains like that of the farmers, and of the flood refugees, one of those problems about which the Government refuses to do anything except investigate—and then raise the tariff on iron, steel, aluminum, and other favored products. Meanwhile, we learn, 90,000 miners and their hungry families in Illinois will shortly have to be fed and supported by the public.

FEE SNATCHING IN TEXAS is not at all the mean trade that one might suspect it to be. Quite the contrary, it has the complete sanction of the Texas judicial system. In fact, it *is* the Texas judicial system. Justice in that noble frontier State is administered on a clever piece-work basis, whereby every officer who is even remotely connected with the preparation of papers or the trying of a case in a justice or country court gets a "fee" if the defendant is found guilty and fined for some alleged violation of the law. Therefore, two convictions plus two convictions make four fees, while two convictions plus two acquittals make only two fees. Does the reader grasp the concept? The law-enforcing officers of Texas do too. Consequently, it is charged in Texas that a steady stream of ignorant Negroes and poor whites are corralled and forced to plead "guilty" to charges often manufactured in order to afford fat fees for the men of the courts. A fair and impartial trial under such circumstances—where all interested officers are financially concerned in the outcome of the case—is rendered highly improbable. But nevertheless the process is quite simple, say Texan officials; and "cheap" add the voting citizens, who have just defeated five to one a State amendment which would have abolished this fee system and placed all officers on a salary basis. So we can imagine a certain poet speaking (with a few of our own interpretations) thus:

> Judge "Hal." Where shall we take a fee tomorrow, Jack?
>
> Attorney Falstaff. Zounds! where thou will, lad, I'll make one, an' I do not, call me a villain.
>
> Judge "Hal." I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.
>
> Attorney Falstaff. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

ENGLAND'S REACTIONARY MARCH continues, slowly and quietly now, but nevertheless steadily. The grotesque proposal for the permanent supremacy of the Tory

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House of Lords, which it was assumed had been dropped by the Government some time ago (and was so reported in *The Nation*), according to the latest news, is not at all dead. It is indeed very much on both legs. Lord Salisbury states that the Government may allow a few concessions, if they are "as moderate as possible." The fundamentals of the bill, however, must not be changed; the uniform-wearing Tories, if the Government has its say, will be saddled upon the Empire for good. The reactionary drift continued when the Alien (restriction) Bill passed its third reading. An attempt was made to amend this in order to permit those aliens to enter who were seeking admittance solely to avoid persecution or punishment on religious grounds, but this failed. Then, to make reaction's triumph complete, the impossible Trade Unions Bill passed its third reading. The bitter feeling that these measures have engendered is ominous. They are so extreme that even many Conservatives are fearful of the opposition that will result with their enforcement.

THE TIDE OF PROTESTS against international tariffs rises steadily. Following the Geneva Economic Conference the Fourth Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce was in large degree concerned with the removal of the tariff barriers that hem the business of the world. Many leading bankers are similarly on record and still nothing concrete happens. There is no organized movement to lower tariffs in this country, although it is admitted that this is essential to payment of the debts due us by foreign nations and that the high tariffs are correctly believed by the farmers to be a stumbling-block to the solution of their troubles. Individuals upon whom the high tariff aura has rested are beginning to speak out. Thus, no less a person than Will Hays has forsaken the movies for a moment to inveigh against tariffs. The dailies see in his remarks a lance-thrust for free trade. We do not, for we notice that he was tilting chiefly at "exaggerated tariff barriers," but he did say correctly that "there are too many national trade barriers to be overcome without infliction of other hindrances by laws which upset and throttle fair competition." It is astounding how many American business men begin to see this and how few dare to speak out like Mr. Hays.

THE SUPREME IMPORTANCE of home training in the moral education of the youth of this country was again strikingly illustrated when Carroll Hepburn, the twenty-three-year-old son of the superintendent of the Virginia Anti-Saloon League, wrecked an automobile and was forthwith arrested upon the double charge of transporting whisky and driving a car while intoxicated. If we were inclined to muck-rake we should hint darkly our suspicion of a conspiracy on the part of the father to further the profession of the son, but the truth is that we are much more inclined to guess, first, that the elder Hepburn is entirely sincere; second, that he has lectured his son upon the evils of rum ever since the latter left the cradle; and, third, that he was just as surprised to learn of the charges brought as the village minister usually is when he discovers one of his offspring in some mischief wholly unbefitting a Sunday-school scholar. A goodly proportion of the world's drunkards come from families that never permitted brandy in the Christmas mince pie, and many an ardent temperance worker had the town sot for a father. So instead of attempting any conclusions concerning the efficacy of education we shall add a picturesque detail to the Hepburn saga: The car which the young man was using for the transportation of contraband was the property of the Virginia Anti-Saloon League.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in its history the United States Line has earned an operating profit. Without writing off anything for the depreciation of its vessels it made a profit of $371,000 in the fiscal year 1926-27, a gain of $1,285,000 as compared with the previous twelve months. The growing popularity of these government-owned ships with American travelers because of the good service furnished is mainly responsible for this improved showing. But while the Shipping Board's passenger services are almost self-sustaining, its freighters are still being run at a loss. According to the latest figures, these losses averaged $1.48 per ton of cargo carried and $9,000 on each completed voyage. Three years ago the operating losses were nearly $27,000 per voyage. Higher ocean freight rates and more fully laden ships account for this favorable turn in operating results. As the shipping situation is slowly improving—there were fewer than 4,000,000 tons of idle ships at the beginning of this year as contrasted with 11,000,000 tons at the same time in 1922—the Shipping Board's active-vessel fleet of 350 ships may before long cease to be a drain on the public treasury. But owing to the Merchant Fleet Corporation's policy of keeping down freight rates by putting additional ships in service whenever tonnage is in demand, it is not likely that our government-owned merchant marine will ever show any worthwhile profits or earn much toward the cost of replacement.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR was Europe's lack of religion. Shakespeare laid down his wand at forty-six because, being without religion, he had no more to say. So says Bernard Shaw to George Sylvester Viereck in an interview featured by the current issue of *Liberty*. It would be interesting to know what the popular audience here reached by Mr. Shaw understands him to mean by religion. He cannot mean Fundamentalism, because he takes a crack at "that impressive intellectual vacuum, the late Mr. Bryan." And he cannot mean science in any casual sense, because he declares with disgust that the twentieth century "does not know science from patent-medicine advertisements." He does mean, however, Creative Evolution. And we wonder what *Liberty's* millions will make of that. The preface to "Back to Methuselah," says Mr. Shaw, is his magnum opus; there the reader will find a gospel which is both religion and science—and any religion must have science in it, he adds, if it is to survive today. Mr. Shaw, of course, is to be envied for having found a faith which even his great intelligence cannot destroy within himself. We who are less passionate, and for that matter less intelligent, shall probably not fare so well. But we shall not be as badly off as Mr. Shaw would have been had he not found his faith. Religions are discovered by heroic men whose unhappiness over the ways of mankind would drive them mad if they had no theory by which to confound them. The rest of us accept what we call the inevitable, and pay for this by remaining—as perhaps Mr. Shaw would say—among the insignificant.

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# Justice Underfoot

ONE of the most momentous decisions in the history of American jurisprudence has been rendered—and Sacco and Vanzetti are condemned to death. Around the earth the news has winged its way as fast as light and wherever the tidings have reached millions of workers now believe that justice does not exist in America, that two innocent men are going to their doom in order that a social system may be upheld, a tottering social order may triumph. As we write no one can foretell the consequences of Governor Fuller's astounding decision, but from remote quarters there already comes the news of protest meetings, of protest strikes, of the windows of the American Consulate in Buenos Aires smashed, of a sense of horror-struck outrage in one country after another. Talk about the solidarity of the human race! When has there been a more striking example of the solidarity of great masses of people than this? Ten years ago people were reading of thirty thousand, forty thousand, fifty thousand men done to death in a single day in the war that statesmen, with horrible sacrilege, had falsely dedicated to democracy and to civilization. Those useless massacres nowhere stirred the neutral world as has the fate of these two Italian workers, who have dared to say that they were anarchists, but innocent of the murder with which they are charged. Wherever the American flag flies in foreign lands today, it has to be guarded; it appears the symbol of a monstrous wrong. Men may yet die by the dozen because of Governor Fuller's decision. Rightly or wrongly, we repeat, uncountable multitudes today believe that in America justice is dead.

For ourselves, we are shaken to the core. We had not believed such a decision possible. We do not retract one word from our praise of the industry Governor Fuller has shown, his painstaking examination of the topography of the scene of the crime, of witnesses and jurors, judge and prisoners. We recognize again his honesty of purpose; we acquit him of any charge of political maneuvering; we admit the superficial ability of his opinion. Yet we cannot for one instant accept this verdict in the face of facts known to us for years as they have been known to multitudes of others. It seems to us that he has missed all the important points in the case and that his decision reveals his complete inability to rise above the point of view of his surroundings, his class, and the setting in which great wealth has placed him. Nor are we convinced by the facile report of the Governor's committee of three eminent and conventional gentlemen, two chosen from the highest Boston social circles, all of one type of mind and not one of them representing the vast groups that have felt from the first that they had a vital stake in the fate of these men. After a brief investigation, partaking of the nature of a star-chamber in hearing Judge Thayer and his attorney without attendance of the defense's counsel, they have upheld the court.

As for Governor Fuller's judgment of the case, it no more closes it than the hanging of John Brown ended the Harper's Ferry raid and condemned him to execration and oblivion. More than half the people of this country refused to consider John Brown a traitor or a murderer, though his guilt was unquestionable and was openly confessed, whereas the masses believe Sacco and Vanzetti legally innocent and entitled to have their innocence determined by law and not by prejudice. The people saw behind John Brown issues of far-reaching moment that soon thereafter tore this country apart and for four long years drenched it in blood. They knew at once that the questions at stake were not settled on that Charlestown scaffold and could not be; that the lives and liberties of millions were involved, and the issue was whether or not the South should be ruled by a despotic economic oligarchy, whether poor whites and blacks alike should be masters of their bodies as well as their souls. Rightly or wrongly, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti has become identified with efforts to reconstruct the social order, just as the Dreyfus case came to mean infinitely more important things for France and the world than the fate of one Jewish major.

Absurd and unjustified, this interpretation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case seems to all conservatives. But it is there, and not Massachusetts alone, but the whole of the United States will have it to reckon with. Governor Fuller's opinion will never upset this belief. For the fact, the great and unanswerable fact, stands out that here is an instance of a headlong collision of certain viewpoints which are and must be hopelessly antagonistic. The liberals and the workers who are championing the cause of these men may also have their blind eyes. The truth remains that the question of the guilt of these men has been subordinated to the clash of these two vital currents of human thought, and the world at large knows that Sacco and Vanzetti have been judged and will have been executed by the representatives of one of these viewpoints alone. And still another fact, a great and unanswerable fact, stands out that in its essence the guilt or innocence of these men has been passed upon by only one judge; that what is forbidden in New York and is impossible in other States of the Union has come to pass in Massachusetts: the *evidence*—not the technical legal procedure—has been ruled upon only by the trial judge, he who, if a tithe of the charges against him by reputable witnesses is true, ought to be impeached and disgraced—even the Lowell committee admits what it kindly calls his "indiscretion."

Is it any wonder that M. Herriot, who has repeatedly, as Prime Minister of France and as the present Minister of Education, given proof of his friendship for America, has cried out in protest, against not only this final act of barbarity but what has gone on before. "To the depths of my soul," he declares, "I am against this punishment that has lasted seven years. I am sorry to be unable to make my voice heard, but I belong to the Government and my words might pledge the whole cabinet. Personally, I never varied my opinion. Sacco and Vanzetti ought to be released. They have earned such a measure of clemency." This is what affects the European opinion more than Americans can possibly realize—that these men have been in jeopardy of their lives for seven long years. We are informed on high authority that a group of the foremost London jurists, after devoting an entire evening to a discussion of the Sacco and Vanzetti trial, was unanimously of the opinion that they ought to be freed now, *whether guilty or innocent*, since even the crime of murder does not merit the cruel and unusual punishment of keeping men in such torture for seven years. Governor Fuller smugly condemns the defense for the delay—would he be as quick to denounce Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny and Fall and Daugherty for dragging out

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their trials for five years?—but the hideous circumstance is there. It is impossible in any other civilized country for men to be tortured as have been these. The London *Times* itself features bitter criticism of verdict and procedure. Even the New York *Times* is compelled to write thus:

> Yet it remains true that thousands of good citizens, while submitting to this grievously delayed working of the machinery of justice, will feel that there is something shocking in an execution so long after trial. We speak not of the "perverted zeal of clamorous agitators," though that will now doubtless flame afresh. Far more serious is the hurt to humane feeling and the doubt which will persist in candid minds whether the ends of justice could not better have been attained in some other way.

A just and pious wish! But, the world over, it is a *demand* by an outraged humanity. Even if Governor Fuller felt that he must uphold the decision, could not justice have been tempered with mercy? Yield to foreign or American threats of course he could not. But the hands of millions have been outstretched to him for pardon or commutation of sentence. A great executive would justly have taken note of that, would have strengthened justice by recognizing an unparalleled demand for clemency; might even have weighed the cost to his country of making martyrs of these men; could have upheld the majesty of the law far, far better by exercising forbearance than by a brutal insistence upon an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life.

As for Governor Fuller's opinion, he sweeps away the testimony as to the bias of Judge Thayer by affirming that the judge had a right to be biased after the testimony was in, whereas the affidavits of reputable men and women affirm that that bias was evident from the earliest stages of the trial. We pass over aghast his tribute to the "clear-eyed" and "courageous" witnesses—some of whom are of doubtful reputation, contradicted themselves, and testified to the impossible. Nor would we stress today the old question of the identifications or the fact that the deadly bullet was never proved to have been from Sacco's revolver; nor dwell upon the Governor's describing in one hundred words the Bridgewater hold-up which had nothing to do with the question of a fair trial in the Braintree case. As for the latter, the Governor is quite satisfied that Judge Thayer was right in denying all the seven motions for a new trial. He is not willing that the men should be given the benefit of a doubt, nor will he appeal to the legislature to start the machinery for a new trial in a different atmosphere under a different judge. Would that have rocked the foundations of Massachusetts justice? It might have inflamed the Back Bay clubs, but it would have meant joy and satisfaction wherever newspapers appear.

And not merely to radicals. It is *not* the radicals alone who fought for Sacco and Vanzetti. Noble souls have given years of their lives and their money to this cause who are neither Reds nor foreign-born Americans; nor have they belonged to those holding the anarchist views of the condemned. If there are finer types of our citizenship, or men and women of older American lineage, we should like to have them pointed out to us. They, too, have read every word of the testimony; they have examined the new witnesses; they, too, have studied the motions for a new trial and perused Judge Thayer's denials of them; they have read the affidavits against the judge and they are as good lawyers as the Governor himself. They are as eager as he for the good repute of Massachusetts and its courts, yet they are unconvinced. To them an incredible tragedy is being finished before their eyes; a judicial murder is being committed. Does not the passionate belief of these unselfish supporters of the right merit consideration, if not assent?

As for Sacco and Vanzetti, sometimes we have asked ourselves whether it was not intended that they should die, and whether it is not best for the cause of human progress that they should perish. In his wonderful address to the court—made to Judge Thayer, who did not once dare to look at the prisoners as he condemned them to the chair—Vanzetti voiced this in amazing exaltation of spirit:

> If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life, talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as now we do by an accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belong to us—that agony is our triumph!

This, we believe, will be the verdict of history. Certain it is that if the precedents of history hold true, monuments are likely to be erected to Sacco and Vanzetti and the names of their prosecutors will fade out of history.

There is one other word from these men that we wish we might record from their lips before they step over into eternity. That is an appeal to all their fellow-workers of the world to refuse to be goaded by their deaths into any violence whatever. If we have any influence at all with those working-men whose cause we have so often sought to champion, we would make it count now if never again. Any violent reprisals can only do the cause of progress infinite harm. The life of every one brought into this case must be sacred. He who strikes at one of them strikes a blow at liberty and progress and justice and hope for a better world comparable to this execution of innocence. Should there be lawless violence, then reaction everywhere will not only retaliate in kind, but will seize upon it as proof of the necessity of maintaining itself by any means whatsoever. That way lie only madness and destruction. It is the American way to accept such a defeat in peace, however bitter the spirit, and then, by time-honored methods, seek to make a recurrence impossible.

As for those Tories who in their clubs and the marts of trade will rejoice that, innocent or guilty, Sacco and Vanzetti are going to their graves, we would delve into the past once more. The orator is Wendell Phillips:

> Men walked Boston streets, when night fell on Bunker's Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, "Foolish man! Thrown away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better?" Now we see him standing colossal on that blood-stained sod, and severing that day the tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia Emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months—a year or two. Still, it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system; it only breathes—it does not live—hereafter.

Let those who would uphold the present system by force beware lest it look green for a while, yet still prove timber and not a tree. Let them beware lest August 10, 1927, be forever recorded as the day of a great American change.

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# Is Coolidge Coming or Going?

MOST Americans—including practically all editors—seem to know exactly what Calvin Coolidge meant by his brief announcement of August 2: "I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight." We are not so fortunate. We do not think we know what the President meant; we are not even sure that he knows. But it ought to be said at the outset that the statement itself is not cryptic or ambiguous, although to many persons it may sound so. In his "I do not choose" the President is not intentionally resorting to tricky phraseology in order that later—if he wishes to—he can say that his meaning was misunderstood, as did Roosevelt in his famous argument in regard to a third cup of coffee. Mr. Coolidge—who seems to have written his message without any advice or assistance—merely slipped into the vernacular of his native Vermont, where "I do not choose" is equivalent to "I do not want." His message may be translated into the direct and definite declaration: "I do not want to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight."

Thus translated, it is plain enough what Mr. Coolidge says. Yet the question remains, What does he mean? There seem to be at least three possible states of mind. Mr. Coolidge may have decided definitely to lay down the Presidency and to be so determined in that decision that subsequent events cannot shake him; or he may sincerely have concluded to quit and still be so minded that he would reconsider if sufficiently pressed; or he may have made the announcement merely as a political move, with the idea that it would lead to a crystallized demand which would sweep him into office or, failing that, permit him to retire gracefully without having to put up a fight and possibly going down in defeat. Any one of these theories is consistent with Mr. Coolidge's character as we know it, and so makes anything possible in the circumstances. Newspaper comment on the subject is obviously dictated more by partisan strategy than by conviction. Thus pro-Coolidge Republican newspapers insist that the President is expressing only a temporary, personal preference and that he may and must be drafted for the good of the party. Democratic editors, on the other hand, declare that the announcement must be accepted as final, in order to make it as hard as possible for Mr. Coolidge to change his mind and to put them in the best possible position to assail him if he does.

For our part we think that current discussion lays too little stress on the probability that Mr. Coolidge for purely personal reasons wants to quit. He is not in any sense, we must remember, a statesman. Unlike Wilson and Roosevelt, he has no policies in the back of his head which he wants to bring to fruition. There is no evidence that he has any back to his head. He is a small-town politician who in ordinary circumstances would have got no further than the lieutenant-governorship of Massachusetts. The peculiar usefulness to Senator Murray Crane's State machine of a man of Mr. Coolidge's docility and colorlessness advanced him to the governorship, after which the myth that he broke the Boston police strike made him, in a year of hysteria, perfect Vice-Presidential timber and a pure accident later seated him in the White House. Why should he go on? By the spring of 1929 he will have been President for almost six years. He has had all the honor and all the fun there is in the job—if perchance he has found any of the latter at all. There is nothing he wants or knows how to do for the country except keep up the routine of the office to the best of his ability in the interest of himself and his party. With his well-known thrift he has probably saved enough money to retire in modest comfort for the rest of his days, and as a lawyer he has the chance for a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court. Calvin Coolidge is not a fighter. He "does not choose" to enter a struggle for a third term. Even if it were handed to him on a platter it would mean only four more years of work and worry, with a fair chance that some blunder would send him out of office under a cloud. Poor Calvin Coolidge—why *should* he go on?

On the other hand, if he wants to go on he could hardly have made a cleverer move. He has put the country and his party on the defensive. If they want him sufficiently to break the tradition against a third term they will have to demonstrate it in advance of the election and the Republican convention. "Cautious Cal" is not taking any risks. If the American people will deliver the goods at his door upon approval, he will look them over—and possibly take them. Otherwise he will retire to his farm with enough in the savings bank so that he will never have to wear chaps or put on overalls and pitch hay again. He will be one farmer in the United States who is contented with his lot—with or without the McNary-Haugen bill.

What the feeling of the country is in regard to a third term we have no means yet of telling. Neither do we know what Mr. Coolidge's attitude on that subject is. His brief announcement states merely that he does not wish to run for the Presidency in 1928; it does not give the reasons. If Mr. Coolidge is eliminating himself for patriotic reasons—because he believes that from the standpoint of the country's welfare it is unwise and dangerous that one individual should be President of the United States for as long as three terms—then he is, as we have before suggested, entitled to the greatest credit. If, on the other hand, he wishes to lay down the reins for purely personal reasons, or because he is fearful that if he ran the feeling of the public against a third term would beat him, he is obviously not acting from motives of public service. Only two men so far, Grant and Roosevelt, have sought a third term and both of them failed. Grant was defeated by vote of the Republican National Convention. When Roosevelt found himself balked in the convention he bolted it and organized the Progressive Party with himself at the head. He failed of election, but so split the Republican Party as to beat Taft.

Five Presidents previous to Coolidge have refused a third term. The precedent, set by George Washington, was followed by Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson. Jefferson believed that there should be a provision in the Constitution against a third term. Of course if Coolidge were to seek to run again his friends would insist that it would not be a third term but only a second, since his first administration was not for a full four years but only for the unexpired period of the Harding regime. This same fact was true in the case of Roosevelt, however, and yet the public at large seemed to take the position that another term for him would, in fact, be a third.

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# Leonard Wood

WHEN the United States took its plunge into imperialism in Cuba and the Philippines in the years from 1898 to 1901, the defenders of the imperialistic policy were certain that we should at once produce a corps of colonial administrators who would surpass the Milners and Cromers and other great British administrators. So they eagerly acclaimed Leonard Wood when he appeared upon the horizon. Was he not amazingly successful? Had he not brains, ability, and understanding? Did he not win the regard of the Cubans? Was he himself not extraordinarily winning and attractive? Thus his career was rapid. From Governor of Santiago he twice became Governor General of Cuba and later went to the Philippines where he ruled longer than any other American proconsul in those islands, though always in hot water with the natives. In between came two unhappy episodes—his candidacy for the Presidency in 1920 and the refusal of General Pershing—long wrongfully credited to Woodrow Wilson—to allow General Wood to take a command in France. The General's tremendous popular following, especially among Harvard men, protested mightily but in vain. Mr. Wilson and Secretary Baker had given their word to General Pershing that he should choose his own subordinates.

At this hour we have no desire to enter again into the controversies which marked General Wood's rise at every stage of his career—those interested may find them set forth in our issue of May 29, 1920. It is, however, undeniable that here was a blindly ambitious man with the ability to take marked advantage of national and international happenings. He, like Theodore Roosevelt, saw in the Spanish War his opportunity and made the most of it; it is related of them, doubtless apocryphally, that over a camp-fire they divided not merely the United States, but the world. The friendship between the two men was, however, not always unbroken, though at times Roosevelt covered General Wood with praise. When it came to appointing his successor in the White House, Colonel Roosevelt bestowed his mantle upon Mr. Taft rather than his former comrade in arms. Both were doomed to military disappointments when the World War came on. While General Pershing feared the intriguing which invariably marked General Wood's career, Woodrow Wilson himself told the ex-President that the exigencies of modern warfare made it impossible to place at the head of a special division one whose total military service was not much over 100 days.

In the Philippines General Wood worked hard and knew the islands as few knew them. If he brought with him the governmental and business conceptions of the Republican Party, it is undeniable that he loved the islands and had their interests at heart. His last public act was an appeal for the Philippine lepers; sadly he pointed out that half the receipts of the last prize-fight was all that he asked. Undeniably a great administrator, he was not a great educator nor could he win the love of the natives. At the end he was a rather pathetic figure; he had lost hope of further advancement for himself and was deeply disappointed. Harassed by ill-health and family misfortune, he stuck grimly to his job, magnificent in his dogged determination to go on. Death perhaps saved him from a final blow of fate, for it has been clear that President Coolidge was hoping to have some one else take his place.

# Caterpillars on the State

A BURST of bitterly ironic laughter arose in the neighborhood of Greenwich Village, was taken up in a number of the less stately mansions scattered across the continent, and finally died despairingly away along the California coast when A. W. Gregg, general counsel for the Internal Revenue Bureau, announced that author's royalties could not be considered "earned income." At the same time Carlyle, Flaubert, and various other writers of the past who had taken their jobs very hard, turned in their graves. Upton Sinclair and Thorstein Veblen were all but reduced to suicide when they learned that they had belonged all along to the class of idle rich, and two of our more successful poets (who had just received checks for $9.76 and $5.43 respectively in payment of the annual royalties on their Collected Works), passed quietly away. But Mr. Gregg is evidently a philosopher and he goes Plato one better. In his eyes not only poets but prose writers as well are mere caterpillars on the commonwealth.

In a formal opinion Mr. Gregg explains that to the legal mind there are authors and authors. Those who write on salary for a newspaper or magazine, or those who sell their product outright to a publisher, earn their money, but those who lease it in return for a percentage of the gross sales do not. But the learned counsellor is not entirely clear. In one place he says: "The question whether an author sells, leases, or rents his intellectual product to a publisher depends upon the terms of their contract. The contract may provide for the transfer of both the tangible and intangible property rights of the author in his product, for which the publisher agrees to copyright, advertise, publish and market the intellectual product and to compensate the author in the form of royalties for his property rights. When the royalties received by an author are derived from the sale, leasing, or renting of the intellectual product, it is the opinion of this office that they are not paid for 'personal services actually rendered' and do not come within the meaning of the term 'earned income.'" But in the next paragraph he concedes that where a publisher enters into a contract with an author to write a series of articles or a book upon a certain subject and where, though the publisher copyrights the book, he agrees to pay either a stipulated amount of cash or such a stipulated amount plus a percentage of the income derived from *other* publishers who may use the work, then "there exists the relationship of employer and employee and the consideration paid to the author is for personal services."

Yet the commonest arrangement entered into between a publisher and an author is that by which the former advances the latter a sum of money for the rights to a work either written or not yet written, such sum to be deducted from royalties later accrued under the terms further agreed upon. But it is just this commonest case upon which the opinion of Mr. Gregg does not touch. Does the fact that the original cash received by the author is generally spoken of as an advance on royalties make it unearned, or does the further fact that none of it is returned by him in case the book does not earn an equal amount constitute it the consideration of a sale? And what, furthermore, is the difference (referred to in the quotation above) whether royalties earned after a cash payment has been made are derived from the original or a second publisher?

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# Agriculture in the Nation's Economy*

By CHARLES A. BEARD

I BEGIN by confessing a prejudice for the land of my birth and for the ideals that were professed before we began, under the thoughtful patronage of our mother, England, to acquire dependencies, protectorates, moral obligations, and mandates in the interest of humanity, to administer water-cure and Krag-rifle medicines, to shoot, bayonet, gas, bomb, and eviscerate backward peoples in the name of the higher good and profitable investments. . . .

Proceeding from this prejudice, I conjure up in my mind the kind of a land that I would have my country become. We have here the most magnificent material endowment ever given to any people, with diversities of climate, soil, and vegetation sufficient to make us in the main self-contained. By developing our economy intelligently with reference to that independence, we can escape the huge burdens of military and naval expenditures necessary to defend trade and investments in all parts of the globe. At a relatively slight cost we can protect our own shores effectively against all foreign foes. Relying upon an economy primarily self-supporting, we cannot be shaken by the disasters of war or the coming revolt of the subject people of the earth against the arrogance of imperialists. Freed from the dangers and follies of childish adventures in imperialism—an old, worn-out game appropriate to the youth of the race—we can develop on this continent a nation dedicated to great humane purposes, the improvement of the common life, the advancement of science and the arts, transforming our cities from industrial slum wastes into gardens of beauty, redeeming the countryside from poverty, disease, and superstition, calling upon our dreamers of imagination to conceive, plan, and execute magnificent municipal, rural, State, and national designs, and inviting our men of war to prepare their scheme of national defense upon the assumptions of such a policy. Such is the prejudice from which I start. Evidently therefore agriculture lies at the base of the scheme of economy which, given my prejudices, I deem noblest and worthiest for America.

Now this concept is founded on no sentimental delusions about the farmer as such. It has been the fashion in some quarters to exalt the tiller of the soil as the noblest work of God. More than two thousand years ago, Aristotle declared that farmers afforded the best social substance for a stable state—largely, it seems, because they were busy with their herds and crops and could not interfere with the politicians who ran things in the home town of Athens. . . . More recently, Oswald Spengler, in plotting the trajectory of Western civilization, ascribes the decline of that culture to the substitution of the meglapolitan city dweller for the stalwart workers on the land. But I subscribe to no such general thesis. The farmer is not automatically intelligent and his pathway is strewn with folly and delusion; even though all the urban civilizations of the past that have fallen into decay have been renewed from the country. On a recent survey of improvements in American government, I was forced to the conclusion that, judged in the light of science and humanism, the rural regions had shown the least advance in every department. Compared with the court house rings of the country districts the municipal governments of our worst cities show immense gains in everything that is creditable to the intelligence of mankind. I should rather trust the health, education, and welfare of my children to Tammany Hall than to any county ring which I know in any part of the United States. Nor do I think that the farmer is an inborn economist any more than the business man. The amount of money wasted by farmers in the purchase of farm machinery in excess of their requirements and the amount wasted by allowing machinery to stand out in the fields and barn lots to rust during the past fifty years would, I dare say, discharge the entire agricultural debt of the country. A part of their folly in this relation is doubtless due to the high power salesmanship of implement manufacturers, the mania of installment buying, and the easy credit system of a benevolent government—a government that lends the farmer money at a low rate so that he can buy manufactured goods at a high rate, one of the neatest endless chain schemes ever devised for raising mankind by its boot tops. So let it be understood frankly that there is to be expounded here none of the fustian nonsense about the superior wisdom and virtue of the farmer. Still he differs in one fundamental respect from most city dwellers; he knows that it takes labor to produce wealth; and he does not expect to grow rich by some kind of a windfall, by skinning the public lawfully under the guise of service. . . .

Until about 1850 the value of the land and improvements in the United States exceeded the value of the industrial and urban property. About 1850 the balance tipped the other way. Since that time the proportion of capital invested in industrial and urban enterprises has steadily increased while that of agriculture has diminished. After economics, politics. Until near the Civil War, the country was ruled, save for brief intervals, by farmers and planters. From the Civil War until near the end of the century it was ruled by farmers and industrialists. Who rules it now, I leave to your understanding and imagination. There are signs at hand that the old union may be again renewed under a broader social philosophy and more competent leadership. Personally I hope that the new confederation may be effected and may command talents equal to the occasion.

Once American capitalists found an outlet for practically all their activities in the development of American resources. Now they are engaged in trying to make the backward races of the earth use telephones, cigarettes, kerosene, phonographs, . . . and are employing all the engines of the federal government to assist them in the operation—all the while grumbling because the army and navy are not used with sufficient vigor. Agriculture sinks in the scale of economic importance. Industrialism draws to its orbit the trained talents of the country. . . . For any design that promises increased industrial profits advisory intelligence can furnish blue prints, political support, economic justification, moral approbation, missionary vindication, military defense, and on occasion congressional whitewashing. Capital and labor are organized to do business and

* This is the stenographic report of an address delivered by Professor Beard at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown on August 2. The author has not had an opportunity to examine the article as herein published.

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can buy the brains necessary to develop their jurisprudence. The farmers are unorganized, without great centralized economic power, and handicapped in all the arts of planning, executing, and defending, realistic and moral. If this keeps up for another hundred years at the present rate, we shall pass the point now reached by England. More than nine-tenths of our people will live in industrial cities, will depend upon the caprices and fluctuations of foreign trade for their livelihood, while the cultivation of the soil will pass mainly into the hands of colored races and white tenants. . . . But quite a number of people, especially the farmers, are alarmed by the prospect. In my opinion their alarm is justified. They are proposing various plans for averting what appears to be fate. Of their possible efficacy I cannot speak with any authority whatever. All that I really have to say may be summed up in a single sentence: The coordination of agriculture and machine industry in the interests of a balance economy, related to the task of maintaining the essential economic independence of America, is the supreme task of the contemporary statesmen.

On consulting the writing of those who propose to go to the root of this problem, I find prominently set forth a bill of specifications somewhat in the following form:

1. Increase, not diminish the income and inheritance taxes, using the proceeds in the construction of roads, improvement of schools, the erection of electric power plants for rural regions, and a hundred other improvements that add to the wealth, power, beauty, and happiness of the people. Every dollar taken away from the surplus of the plutocracy, diverted from investments in foreign countries to be lost in the next war for democracy (unless our soldiers and marines can bring it home on the point of a bayonet), and devoted to the extension and enlargement of our domestic economy is a gain to America and in reality a gain to the foreign countries that are encouraged to borrow instead of save. . . .

2. Announce and adhere to the policy that any American who is not content with 4 or 5 per cent at home but is bent on making 10 or 15 per cent in some dangerous place cannot look to the American people to assure his interest and principal and fetch it home on a silver platter. In an exalted strain of morals, our genial Secretary of the Navy recently declared in effect that the American empire extended to any point in the world where there was an American dollar invested and that the armed might of the country must be strong enough to defend the said dollar. If we teach and practice that creed, then we must calculate the cost.

3. Push as rapidly as possible the organization of the farmers for the cooperative determination of crop areas to be planted, the cooperative disposal of the surplus, and the cooperative distribution of costs and benefits. Couple with this the encouragement of a greater diversification of crops to increase the independence of the individual farmer, freeing him from the one-crop mania so ruinous to his finances and his spirit. In the development of this cooperative policy, the farmers are entitled to use the federal and State governments, just as other economic interests use those agencies.

On the inherent merits of the McNary-Haugen bill, I do not undertake to pass judgment. Frankly I do not pretend to have any idea how it would work out if adopted. But most of the arguments against it seem to me to apply also to the economic and juristic devices of capitalism. To call it paternalistic and then turn around and supply a merchant marine to shippers, a protective tariff to manufacturers, and military and naval protection to anybody who tries to make money in China, Haiti, or Nicaragua is to dissolve the show in comedy. . . . The McNary-Haugen bill might do little to improve the lot of the farmer, but in any case it might help as much as wearing cowboy breeches and fishing with worms in Western waters.

After all, the whole burden of my argument is to the effect that we need to develop a new science which, for want of a better name, we may call nation-planning, supplementing the budding science of city and regional planning, inviting all classes and interests to put away self-deception, as far as it is humanly possible, and devote their imagination and executive powers to organizing and maintaining a fairly balanced system of national economy. . . .

# The Seminole Oil Field

By CORA MILEY

THE town of Seminole is in Oklahoma. Until a short time ago it was like any other of the small country towns up and down the Rock Island railroad lines in the Indian country. On dry days it was dusty, on wet days muddy. Men spat where they pleased. Waste paper lay in the gutter until the wind moved it on. Vacant lots grew up in weeds or served as dumping grounds for old machinery and worn-out automobiles. The town was an island surrounded, just outside the city limits, by a sea of old tin cans. The soda-jerker in the drug store wiped his fountain with a filthy rag and served "cokes" on a dusty table. The dry-goods merchant sold dresses by the yard only.

On Saturdays the streets were filled with Indians, Negroes, and "freedmen," a sea of them, milling back and forth, drifting into the stores, stopping to talk, blocking the sidewalk. The most interesting of these was the Seminole Indian, with his soft gentle voice, his tragic background, and his colorful dress, the men wearing broad white hats, bright shirts, and a bit of decoration here and there; the women the dress of the 90's, tight waist, long full skirt, wide white apron, small shawl around the shoulders, hair parted in the middle and brought smoothly to the coil in the back. Fashions do not often change with these people. The Indian imitates the white man no more than necessity demands.

The Negro on the streets of Seminole at that time was a small town man—the kind that does odd jobs, that shuffles along and depends on his wife, cooking for the "white folks," for board and keep. He had not reached the status of his city brother who can maintain himself, in some measure, by dealing solely with those of his own color.

The "freedmen" are like no other in the whole world. These sons and daughters of the original slaves to the

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Indians are as black, as shiny, as the ace of spades to which members of the African race have so long been compared. No learning is theirs; they can neither read nor write; their ignorance is profound. They believe in "han'ts," in "conjurin'," in voodooism of all kinds. Down in the bottoms of Little River they make their homes, separate and apart from either white man or Indian. They dress as their fancy dictates: rooster feathers in a fur cap on a summer's day; a red shirt, a beaded belt, high boots, silver spurs; anything—everything—that will satisfy their crude sense of the decorative. There is confidence in their mien, swagger in their gait. No idea of law and order has penetrated their consciousness. They will steal if they deem it expedient; being expert marksmen, they will shoot a foe at the slightest provocation, seemingly without realization of the legal consequences.

Upon these the merchants of Seminole depended most for trade and prosperity.

But Seminole is no longer as it was. A feverish restlessness is everywhere. Men, excitement in their faces, are hurrying up and down the streets, talking rapidly with others they meet, cranking up muddy little cars and rushing hither and thither, pell-mell, away, somewhere. The soda-jerker no longer wipes the fountain with his soiled cloth; he leaves it wet. No dust is on the table; it has adhered to the sleeves of the men who figure and scheme as they drink draughts there—stronger than "coke."

Among this crowd are still others, men with strong jaws and keen eyes, the successful men, men of big money, come to size up the situation. Long, expensive cars as well as flivvers are in the melee of congested traffic. Hawkers, barkers, "con men," hamburger and hot-dog venders cry their wares on every street corner. No longer do the merchants depend on the men of color for trade. These lowly ones are pushed aside for greater gain. And gain there is. Six millions of dollars have been deposited in the banks by citizens of this little town in the last few months. Thousands of dollars pour in each day. Seminole is in the center of an oil field, so rich that it is called, among the other rich fields, the wonder of the Mississippi Valley. The Cushing oil field at one time bore the title of the world's richest.

About 1903 the Dawes Commission came to the Indian Territory to allot the lands, hitherto held in common by each of the Five Civilized Tribes, to the individual Indians. Through a series of manipulations, maneuvers, chicaneries, on the part of the white man, these tribes were giving up their governments and were about to become citizens of the United States. It was the business of the commission to distribute the lands as equally and as impartially as possible.

The Indians as a whole were not satisfied with the plan. Some of them took their allotments without comment, making the best of a bad situation; others grumbled openly but took the land nevertheless; the remainder refused to abide by the decision of those in authority. They would not take their allotments; they declined to deal further with the white man; they took their families and withdrew to the fastness of the hills. Their determination was to live there as best they could on roots and berries and what wild life they could secure.

It would not be a full life, they said, but it would be a free one. They gave as the reason for their acts that all contacts with their white brother had been disastrous for them. He had deceived them, betrayed them, persecuted them. They were through with him. This band, consisting of Indians from each of the Five Civilized Tribes, was called the Snakes. Chitto Harjo was the leader.

At length the work of the Dawes Commission was almost finished. Only a worthless tract of land, entirely unfit for cultivation, was left. All the Indians had their shares but the Snakes. The members of the commission were anxious to finish the work correctly and satisfactorily. Again and again they sent for the Snakes to come and file for their portion of the lands. The Indians paid not the slightest heed to the call. At last, realizing the futility of further effort with the Snakes, the commission secured what names it could of this rebellious band, put them on the rolls as owners of the bare rocky tract, packed up bag and baggage, and went back to Washington. Those worthless acres became the Cushing oil field. The joke was on the white man. Indian after Indian became a millionaire while the white brother gnashed his teeth impotently. If he had only known, he would have grafted the land from the Indian and would have been the millionaire himself! So much for that.

The Seminole Indian came from Florida. He had lived there for many years, even as far back as Spanish ownership. He has always been a peaceable fellow, fighting only in defense of his property and his loved ones. Even so he has had his troubles. It is the same old story of the persistent encroachment of the white man. Farther and farther the Seminole was pushed back into Florida until his home was deep in the swamps. And even from this almost impenetrable place the long arm of the white man dragged him forth. Early in the nineteenth century he was forced to move to the Indian Territory, to enter into an alliance with his old enemy the Creeks, to adjust himself to a new climate and to a new soil, to make a home in a wilderness. Disaster after disaster followed. Misfortune after misfortune befell him. The war between the States razed his improvements to the ground; he was driven from the reservation; his return there later entailed new difficulties.

The latest disaster that has befallen him has been the worst. In the period following the allotting of the lands and especially after the discovery of oil, dark deeds were done to dispossess the Indian. The government had restricted the sale of his lands, and protected him in every way possible, but every law seems to have its loophole. Deeds were forged, were signed under false representations; Indians "touched the pen" to sign one thing and found later that they had signed something else. Heirs to land were made intoxicated and made to sign away their all; they were sometimes spirited away until deeds could be forced from them; in some instances stubborn heirs, who would not sell, disappeared mysteriously. Lands were bought for a very little. Sometimes I think that this was the worst of all. Men of standing, of so-called character, leaders in State affairs, hired other men, not so particular about their standing, to buy lands cheaply from the Indians. Cheap meant $10 this month, $5 the next month, and a kick and a curse the next.

All the Indian lands which could be sold have been sold. The Indian has been left with a pittance, a hut in the woods, an acre or so of worthless land, with the lease on that gone, a mere remnant of his former holdings, to keep him from being a public charge. These holdings with their rich deposits, now flowing outward like black gold, belong for the most part to the vultures, the beasts of prey of humanity,

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the men who have robbed him. It is the whites who ride in purring motors, who build palatial homes, who have their photographs in the newspapers as the "State's new millionaires," who watch their bank accounts grow, who strut and swagger in the consciousness of new-born power, who gloat over the things that money can buy.

Meanwhile the Indian stands on the corner and wonders at the restless throng in that throbbing little city; he leans against a post and leisurely watches the crowd go by; he gossips gaily with the squaws on the corner; he wanders down the street with an eager child by the hand and counts the few coins in his purse to see if he can satisfy the request of his little one for the shining bauble in the window; at nightfall he gathers his little brood into the rattling old flivver and goes back to his cabin in the woods under the gleaming and silent stars.

The Seminole is no poor fool! He knows that he has been robbed. But he frets not at all about the matter. His store of resentment against the white man was exhausted long ago. He fights back no more. He would not change places with those who have wronged him. Perhaps he has a sense of values.

# Trying to Be Modern

By EDITH CLARK

I AM happily and, I hope, permanently married. I have no great creative urge but do have a direct antipathy to housework and a slight facility in other directions. I have no time or disposition for complexes, fixations, or inhibitions. And I live in a small town. It is simple, conventional souls like myself who must face the difficulties of "being modern."

The rural and small town woman presents a unique problem. Our social organization is simple and primitive. Woman's work is as definitely fixed as is a squaw's and she does it as unquestioningly. There are no parasites. For example, I am the only woman in our small Illinois town who keeps a maid, year in and year out. There is no provision made for the non-domestic matron: no pre-school groups, no trained cooks or nursemaids, and very few jobs.

I closed my senior year at college ten years ago as president of the Feminist Forum, with an address entitled "Why I Am a Feminist." At the time I was considered in our little group a Queer One, and a Dangerous Radical. Any one of you, nowadays, could sketch the outline of my talk. "It is not necessary for a woman to give up her outside work when she is married, any more than it is for a man to give up his profession. So many of the former activities of the home have been taken over by factory production that a woman who is content to be a homemaker alone, is stultifying herself and lapsing into the role of parasite. If children are borne (I can remember how I hesitated, just ten short years ago, to introduce this rather breath-taking possibility) the mother need not devote herself exclusively to the physical care of these children. They will admire her mental alertness the more if she uses her intellectual powers to the full and does not lapse into a mere Household Drudge. A competent nursemaid can give baths and supervise naps and meals, and a woman who surrenders a Career to Home and Motherhood, is making an unnecessary sacrifice to the shibboleths of conventional society." It sounded so simple—then.

Just the other day I told my present "competent nursemaid" to put the baby outdoors for her sun-bath. I stepped out the door to feel the direction of the wind, and indicated the exact niche where the blanket and pen were to be put—a sheltered spot in the bright sun being often forty degrees warmer than an exposed spot. I dashed upstairs to pound the typewriter in pursuit of my extra-home job. After half an hour my sixth sense, which Competent Nursemaids have developed to an uncanny acuteness, led me to go down stairs and see the sun-bather. I found her shivering with cold, penned up, in the exact spot where the wind whistled its gustiest around the corner of the house. Our elder daughter, aged five, still rolls her black eyes with a gruesome fascination toward the water tower every time we go past, since months ago she was told by a C. N. that it was there the C. N.'s father had been drowned. The full details of attempted rescue and resuscitation accompanied the tale.

But to go back to seven years ago. I was a social worker in New York City. I was making $125 a month. My fiance had left a well-established business in this little Illinois town to make Democracy safe. When that ideal had been brought to its thrilling consummation his business awaited him. I surely couldn't support him on $125 a month. He could support me. His capital and ambition were both invested right here. The reason we were married was because we found joy in each other's companionship. I gave up my job.

How was I to "go right on with my work," and live in the same town with my husband? We have a population of 1,308. When winter comes a kindly old lady, a Seventh Day Adventist, comes to our door carefully holding a newspaper which she spreads down and on which she stands, "so's not to dirty your floor." She collects all the old clothes we have for the three poor families in town and leaves us tracts which explain the "Menace of Spiritualism" or warn us to "Prepare for the Bridegroom." What need have we for a paid social worker?

So, jobless, I prepared to lead the parasite's existence. Since the factory had taken away all my traditional occupations, I would just loaf and keep house. If my daughters will let me, I hope I may help them to escape the agonizing exhaustion of my first year's experience as a housekeeper. To cook three meals a day, wash the dishes, and keep our small house only moderately clean was to me desperately hard work. I tried to organize, to "use my well-trained mind to solve my domestic problems," but the endless minutiae, the sheer physical labor involved in sweeping, mopping, ironing can't be organized out of existence. Let no one deceive you, theoretical feminists. Housekeeping for the homemakers who do not employ domestic servants—90 per cent of the total—is a full-sized job, even in this enlightened factory age. But my neighbors convinced me that I had started too late in life to learn their profession. They do their own washing and ironing, and buy perhaps one "good" dress a season. The rest of the family sewing they

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do themselves. And they do it all with an ease, with a pride of competent achievement that leaves me sincerely envious. For I loathe every phase of housekeeping except cooking.

Hence, I got a job. Not because I aspire to a career. (One of the bitter steps from youth to maturity is when one discovers that career material is lacking in one's makeup, that one's work is to hold down jobs.) I simply wanted to escape as far as could be from the exacting profession of housekeeping. I do newspaper feature writing for a small city newspaper. Because my father chanted the Iliad in Greek to us as a lullaby when we were infants, and because we attended the German Lutheran summer school in vacations in order to learn idiomatic German, we were known to the editor of the paper as a family of "culture," and on that basis he gave me a chance to run my department by long distance from our little town. I do not believe that every uprooted young wife would be equally fortunate. Part-time jobs for educated women may be developing in cities. They are few and far between in rural and small-town America.

A short while after achieving my job, small but precious to me, I became pregnant. According to the theorists, I should have given up my job for two years when I discovered my condition, or else have been such a thoroughly normal woman that the natural function of motherhood would cause me no physical discomfort. Neither of these things happened. If I gave up my job, just after having made a place for it in my life, I should lose it forever. Furthermore, I suffer considerable discomfort during the early months of pregnancy. Hence I would sit at my typewriter and pound the keys until a wave of nausea laid me low. Then I would stretch out on the bed and read the books from which I gathered my newspaper material until I caught my breath again, and then back to the typewriter. I managed to hold down my job and have the baby, and now, when I see her fat legs trotting around on endless weighty errands, I am sentimentally glad that nature triumphed over science.

But a job at what price! I have become of necessity a bovine creature who has foregone completely the joy of having nerves or temperament. There is not fifteen minutes of any morning when I work at my typewriter without an interruption. Our small son is going through the difficult transition from babyhood to boyhood. His present title in the family circle is The Prince of Wails or his elder sister's polysyllabic epithet, CryBabyCryStickYourFingerInYourEye. Bumps and hurt feelings have to be kissed away a dozen times a day. Our daughter in kindergarten daily brings home slips of paper with the information "The cat ran to the tree" repeated in wobbling characters over and over on a manilla sheet. This herculean effort must be enthusiastically praised and cautiously criticized the minute she enters the house. I have yet to find the mythical nursemaid who regards sieved carrots for the baby as a different article from carrots mashed into hunks with a fork, or a sterile bottle as one to which a few flakes of milk curd may not adhere, or a teaspoonful of cod liver oil as anything but sheerest nonsense. And after I have written down in black and white the day's menus and have done the ordering, the morning is blessed and unique when a plaintive, nasal voice does not call at least five times up the stairs messages running from, "Say, I fergot t'tell you, we was outa laundry soap," to a conversational comment, "Say, it sure is a swell day, ain't it?" Since I am the only woman in the knowledge of most of our neighbors who attempts to "hire her work done and write instead," as one of them neatly phrased it, my efforts are regarded by our townspeople as a mere pastime. When I started, I tried with as little pomposity as possible to let it be known that I reserved the morning hours for my newspaper work. A few blessed kindly souls still respect those hours, but the rest, now that the novelty has worn off, think nothing of running in for "just a minute" to get reading material for a study club lesson on Ralph Connor, the Preacher-Novelist, or telephoning to know whether I want to bring two apple pies or stewed chicken and noodles to the Fireman's Benefit. I have learned to switch placidly from reading "The Sun Also Rises" for my newspaper job, to looking up It Takes a Heap of Livin' in a Place to Call It Home for Mrs. Krumbelbine to read at the Woman's Culture Society guest day program.

I left college with a strong sense of community responsibility. This was fostered by my years of social work after college. An opportunity for disinterested, intelligent community work assails my eyes on every side. I visit my little girl in the kindergarten room. One child sits dully in his little red chair with mouth ajar and eyes half closed. His condition calls aloud for tonsil and adenoid operation. Another little girl each time complains that her stomach aches or her legs hurt. She is pot-bellied and round shouldered—a perfect example of malnutrition. A Parent Teacher Association would bring a school nurse and supplementary food. I go down town in the afternoon or evening. Arm in arm, up and down the main block of Main Street walk the high school girls, in the doorways lounge the boys. Dances are frowned upon by the school authorities. The gymnasium equipment is woefully inadequate. There is not another thing in the world for the young people to do but lounge and flirt in the gossiping eye of Main Street. Recreational facilities for the boys and girls of our community are a crying need. Every week or so two or three middle-aged men get together and saw away on violins. A crowd gathers on the sidewalk to listen to the old-time fiddling. It is the only music except for church choirs that the town affords. A grown-up singing school would be a joy-bringer. Three Protestant churches struggle along on a pitifully small budget. A united Community Church would bring to us here a well-educated young minister, and a well-equipped church plant.

Yet when these matters are brought up for discussion among the town's intelligentsia I withdraw into a frigid little zone of silence. I have neither the time nor the physical energy to undertake the role of booster for the most worthwhile thing in the world. By bitter experience I have learned that I cannot coach plays for the benefit of the library fund or solicit members for the Community Club, and at the same time write a decent article or be decently calm as a household administrator.

I shut my eyes to the books on the importance of the early years of a child's life. Aside from guarding zealously the physical well-being of my children (I can conscientiously feel that I am vigilant in that respect), I do not give them the companionship that a thoroughly single-track mother might give. (But I cannot see that the children of thoroughly domestic mothers receive much more direction.) My children do not know what directed play is. The words "Montessori system" have in their very context a syllable of reproach. I wilfully blind myself to the chance for rich and full development which the newer systems of

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pre-school work might hold for my infants if I were willing to take hours of every day as teacher.

But in spite of hesitations, doubts, and questionings, I hang on like grim death to my newspaper job. My reasons are simple and selfish. My monthly pay check is a welcome addition to the family budget, and a degree of financial independence is heart-warming to one who has tried the sentimental role of partner-homemaker with its uneconomic "allowance" dole. Housework as a life job bores and enrages me. Writing, even such hack work as I do, lights up windows for my soul. The idea of eventually learning to keep a clean house and bake good pastry does not inspire me with enthusiasm, whereas the thought of achieving even moderate success as a writer sends shivers up and down my spine. And last, through the outlet of the reading and writing that my job entails I am able to endure the lack of stimulating association of small-town life.

As for the children, time alone can tell the story. They have fresh air in abundance, the companionship of other children, good food, regular hours. Whether or not they will suffer from the repeated injunction, "Now run away and play. Mother must pound the typewriter," remains to be seen. I like to believe with Samuel Butler that perhaps they will benefit by it.

# The Mexican "Just Won't Work"

By EVA A. FRANK

WHENEVER you meet an American business man in Mexico the conversation, no matter how diversely it begins, always ends in a most irritated pronouncement against the congenital laziness of the Indian.

"He just won't work," says almost every Yankee. "He'd rather sit around all day doing nothing than earn enough to buy himself a decent house. In the *tierra caliente*, even if you double the wages, you can't obtain steady labor. The Indian works a while and then quits. You ask him why he lays off. He answers that he has enough money at present."

The American is irritated and puzzled. He cannot understand why all the incentives which urge men to action in the United States should fail to produce results in Mexico. The desire to better one's economic position seems to lose its force in the upside-down world south of the Rio Grande. Most of the Indians—and they, together with the mestizos, form 84 per cent of the population—are content to cultivate the tiny plot about their own adobe huts, to raise a few chickens and perhaps a pig, to catch enough fish for their own needs, and to make pottery or serapes or whatever their village is famed for, as a commodity of exchange. Not that every Indian owns a farm and works nowhere else. Many thousands of them labor on large haciendas, their little huts crowded against the ancient walls. But it is every Indian's dream to possess a plot of ground for growing the bit of maize that will supply him with sufficient *tortillas;* just as it is a part of every American's program to own an automobile. But while the traditions of American government render it neutral about the fulfillment of our desires, the social revolution in Mexico has compelled its bureaucracy to respect the peons' urge for land, and the Mexican government is distributing it in the form of *ejidos* (village communal lands) as fast as funds permit.

"The Indian has no ambition," growls the American. The real difficulty is that he has ambition for a leisurely life too firmly intrenched. He enjoys squatting in the market-place behind his *petates*, bargaining, selling, refusing a price, but mostly just squatting. And he holds fast to this mode of living. The first time the average American observes the many women in the market each with her few eggs or her few cakes, he is annoyed in his efficiency nerve at such a ridiculous waste of time. Why not depute one person to sell the eggs or the cakes while the others stay at home working? The Indian's answer is as simple as it is confounding. None of these women wishes to labor constantly at home, and none of them wishes to stay at all times in the market. The Indian enjoys savoring life, the American enjoys crowding it. One would imagine that it would be possible for the two cultural ideals to exist placidly side by side, each race following its own conception of worth-while living.

Let us turn again to the American business man. With genuine feeling, he tells of the burning of the banana plantations in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec during the revolution. "I should like to be fair," he predicates. "If the natives wanted to fight and kill the foreigners who had come down to their wilderness and made them work, I wouldn't say anything. But why did the fools burn up the banana plants? Why didn't they take possession of the plantations and run them? Instead they destroyed the work of years in a few months, and today the country is just the way it was before the Americans came—the same clusters of thatched houses with little patches of cultivation beside them, the same primitive dugouts full of flowers and vegetables, paddled leisurely to Puerto Mexico."

"But they look happy," I ventured. "They are reposeful, contented."

"Happy?" he snaps back. "Of course they're happy, and that's the worst of it. What becomes of progress if you're happy with what you've got? And that earth," he groans, "is so fertile that I could make a fortune there without half trying."

Ah! Something more than irritation in that last sentence, something more than inability to understand another people's psychology. "I could make a fortune there, if . . ." Frustration is there, inability to function, a sense of being tied by something beyond reach, while at the same time the mind is stimulated to grab by extraordinary fertility of soil, untouched mines, and all the riches which make eyes glisten and brains work in the United States. Here are thousands of acres of productive soil to be had for very little cash. The American promoter wants to form companies, to issue prospectuses, to plough and to plant. Everything is marvelous except the human material that would have to do the actual work. It cannot be molded into the proper shape. It will not labor consistently, regularly.

If you ask the average Indian what he wants, he will say: "Land, to grow things on." The average American

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reply to the same question would be: "Money, to buy things with." And until the Indian wants the things that money can buy more than he wants his mastery over time, the American cannot, except by force, function in Mexico.

The economic motive has driven the American over the border to make money, to get rich quick. For this he must have labor, cheap labor, a necessity which undoubtedly lends force to the cry of rage against the Indian's laziness. But even without the economic urge, the rage would be there just the same. For the Indian's savoring of life day by day, his complete disregard of the basic need of work, is entirely alien to the American temperament. "It's a great life if you don't weaken"—under its strain—bespeaks the enormous pressure under which we work and play. And although we often complain of the burden of this pressure and say that we wish we could go free of it, we have so rationalized it into a moral good, we are so geared to this speed of thought and action, that when we observe the Indian sitting—taking joy in the sun and the wind—we jeer at him and his useless existence.

The Indian cannot understand the American point of view at all. He has not yet felt the thrill of power over matter which speed gives to the average American, whether he be a soda-fountain clerk hectically flopping glasses, or a social worker crowding five extra visits into the day's toil. Closer to the early stage of culture, the Indian retains the Garden of Eden as his ideal, while we Americans, banished from that delightful existence long ago, have twisted work, the punishment for disobedience, into an ideal of living, have shoved mere busyness into the importance of an end in itself. We consign to Satan all the idle hands while God presumably looks down with enjoyment upon the busy bee improving each of His shining hours.

The culture of the Mexicans of Spanish descent who form the upper 15 per cent of the population is just as alien to the characteristic American disposition as the civilization of the Indians. The rich Spanish-Mexicans have beautiful homes in Mexico City, Guadalajara, or Puebla and leave all the management of their estates to agents. The very wealthy among them live in Madrid or in Paris, and simply draw revenue from their country. None of them works. They never have worked. Hardly one of them opens a factory, though the crying need for Mexico is manufactured goods. Is that patriotism? The selling of cloth is practically in the hands of the Syrians, while the drug trade is managed by the Germans. Outside of government clerks, no middle class exists in Mexico. As soon as a man gets a fair amount of money together, he doesn't set himself up in business and make more; he buys a house in the country and retires to ride horseback and enjoy life for the rest of his days. All of which astounds and annoys the American, and makes him look with impatient, irritated superiority at the whole nation. If they would only follow in our footsteps, if they would only strive after our ideals in our fashion, he would be so eager to help them along.

We run to nerves—and are proud of it. It is part and parcel of the pressure idea. There is so much for us to do and so little time in which to do it. The Mexican shrinks from such an ideal. It gives him not a sense of importance but a feeling of bondage. The fewer things he must do, the more free he feels from the tyranny of environment, the more he can follow the dictates of his own likes and dislikes.

In all the discussions of the constant friction between the two countries, no one, as far as I know, has pointed out that these misunderstandings might well have their origins in the profound cultural disparity indicated. Yet this seems to me a natural conclusion, especially if one considers the social backgrounds of the settlers who made these two neighboring lands such totally different countries.

Everett Dean Martin holds that the destiny and ideals of the United States are greatly influenced by the fact that it was settled by the lower middle classes. Whatever you may think of this theory, there can be no doubt that the ideals of the present-day Mexican have been shaped by the ideals of his ancestors, whether Indian warriors or Spanish aristocrats. Mexico was torn up (you can hardly call it settled) by Spanish soldiers of fortune. The rapacious gold-seekers, swashbuckling adventurers who wrenched the land from Montezuma, were not shopkeepers with thrifty slogans of "a penny saved is a penny earned." They were sons of Spain's great feudal families who saw life in terms of danger mastered, in riches accumulated without work. Even the priest was of noble family. They brought with them ideals of courtesy, of chivalry, joy in the hunt, in fighting, a large disregard for the common people, a haughty superiority to trade. This conquering nobility never thought of shoving the Indian back, enclosing him and his primitive culture on reservations, and doing the work themselves. With warlike zeal, they enslaved the native, earning the bitter hatred which has so frequently burst through the crust of Spanish dominance in devastating revolution.

The ancient Indian culture, though differing greatly from the Spaniard's in many respects, was alike in this—it placed the fighter in the very highest rank of the puebla, while the worker assumed the very lowest. Every tribe attempted to capture its neighbor, seize all the possessions, and enslave the population. Like the Spaniards, the Indians had a nobility, dependent on war and looking on work as demeaning.

With this traditional background, it is easy to see why the present-day Mexican does not believe in the sacredness of work, but regards it as an evil. In Mexico nobody goes around spouting about the dignity of labor unless he wants to be accounted a comedian. The magazine *Success* would have as small a sale in Mexico as the *Dial* has in the United States. Nobody but foreigners would be interested in stories about the rise of messenger boys to presidents by energetic sweeping out of offices, diligent clerking, and prodigious working night and day. They wouldn't believe the stories for one thing, and besides most of them would find the retailing of so much work very fatiguing. Perhaps Palm Beach, better than any other community in the United States, would be understandable to all classes of Mexicans. The happy lounging on the sand beneath the warming sun, the dancing under the trees, would appear very delightful. And the peon, if he could see it, would probably point to Palm Beach and say: "It was in order to have that life, which only your rich posssss, that I burned the banana plantations on the River Coazcoalcos and the vast fields of sugar-cane on the outskirts of Cuernavaca."

Of course Mexico will change. It will have to. Even now it is in process of emerging from a feudal state into the beginnings of modern industrialism. Its ideals must alter with the transformation; but they must not necessarily take on our individualistic, mechanistic slant. I believe that some of those who wish for United States intervention in Mexico, vaguely are urged in that desire by the

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hope that the germs of progress as we see it will cling to the uniforms of our marines, and somehow or other Mexicans of all classes will be injected with our incentives. But Mexico, if she is to remain free, must build its progress upon the foundations of the Aztec-Spanish heritage of its inhabitants—Indian customs, communal, closely connected with their agricultural life; Spanish traditions, feudal, aristocratic.

Any reforms which North Americans may wish to introduce will have to be conducive to the attainment of Mexican ideals, not ours. We shall have to show the peon that by our methods he will gain more leisure, or more money with an equal or less amount of work. The cooperative at Tlahuac uses a motor-driven thresher and baling machine, and the Indians tell you with great glee how much money it has earned for them, at the same time reducing their labor. They are most enthusiastic about American farm machinery—when they own it themselves.

Something of the possibility of change from feudal culture to a modern life, based upon the cooperative use of machines, Diego Rivera, the painter, has indicated in the frescoes at the Agricultural College at Chapingo. On one wall he has painted the Exploitation of Man, with rich generals shooting peons, agents passing bags of money to absentee landlords, gunboats flying the American flag in the harbor; on the opposite side, he has pictured the Exploitation of the Land, featuring tractors and derricks and reaping machines. Between the two he has inscribed in large letters: "Here we teach the exploitation of the land, not the exploitation of man." That expresses an ideal worth working for, and possibly the energy which went into fighting men may be transformed into fighting the environment, and the idols of Mexico change from generals to scientists.

The struggle that is going on in Mexico today is basically a clash between the Latin-Indian and the American culture ideals. Under the surface there is the constant tugging between the two culture patterns, the American vivid, powerful, the Mexican in mortal fear of submergence. These social forces are behind the return of the communal land to the Indian and in back of the plea for intervention. In times of great stress, they become almost visible, and the impartial spectator can fairly see them galvanizing individuals to speech or action. Then the struggle is intensified into a "problem"—the century-old problem of Mexican-American relations.

# The Actress

By PANTELEIMON ROMANOV

IN the labor districts the revolutionary actress, Anna Reinhardt, had become popular mainly because of her anti-religious performances. Each performance of her new pantomime, "Revolt," stirred her workingmen's audience to the greatest enthusiasm. The small, golden-haired woman was their own actress because of the astounding sincerity and conviction of her acting.

Not long ago she owned large estates in the country and a sumptuous house in the city. During the revolution nothing had been left her. The graciousness that made her so charming a hostess and that so enchanted the people of her former set was her only gift. This gift she now meant to use to earn her daily bread. She was forced to, because she was on the verge of starvation. But she could not even gain admission to a theatrical agency, and so was obliged, for two or three rubles a night, to accept singing and dancing engagements in cheap cabarets.

There were times when she appeared three times in one evening, and having no dressing-room she had to stand in the filthy corridor awaiting her turn. She was, moreover, at a loss how to defend her dignity among these lawless characters, who long since had lost all sense of decency, and to whom it was all the same how they earned a living.

Sometimes she earned no more than two rubles a week, and eventually she was reduced to such extremities that she shrank from going out because she feared meeting acquaintances, and also because she could not bear the sight of the loaves of good white bread so glaringly displayed in the bakeshops. Then came a day when her face powder gave out, and in her shame she used tooth powder instead. As she had no means of getting her linen washed at the laundry, she locked herself up in her room and washed her chemises in the soup tureen. When she had but one chemise left, she took her pillow-case, cut out the corners for her arms, and made a hole in the middle for her head. But having to use tooth powder instead of face powder caused her acuter suffering than the want of linen, or the pangs of hunger. She herself did not know why.

During this period of privation religion was her only solace. When she was told that her old life would never come back and that she would have to adapt herself to the new, she was filled with dread. What did it mean, adapt herself to the new life? It meant not to believe in God, to spit on the floor, to have dirty finger-nails, to take away other people's houses; death were better!

But suddenly there came an unexpected change. Life became almost bearable. She again had linen, powder, and even perfume. Some black, hairy man staged a pantomime for her, calling it: "Revolt." From that time success smiled on her. She herself could never explain the reason for her success, nor did she ever understand why she was received with such enthusiasm. She acted her part simply and naively, as she lived. She could not have done otherwise. But at each appearance a hush fell on her audience.

Was it because she expressed her emotions not in words but by gestures, by movements? Was it because this little woman with her frail slender body, had the eyes of an innocent child whose extraordinarily touching expression of sincerity so moved her rough workingmen's audience? It may have been all this together, but there it was, the irresistible effect of her acting upon these people. They no doubt felt the strong appeal to their feelings by one who had deeply lived through and suffered what she was portraying.

A labor audience is very sensitive to the truthfulness of acting. It readily detects falsities, artificialities, such as when an actor, wishing to speak the language of the people, does so in a trained, cultivated accent, instead of in the tones of everyday life. But a labor audience is a

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very indulgent one. It applauds and laughs generously, even at dubious performances. "After all, it's only play-acting! What's the use of taking it seriously? These things don't happen in real life. And they are doing their best for us." And that is why they never withhold some encouragement from even the poorest performer. But for him who gives a real thing the applause is very different.

All those who have not yet been to the new show are crowding into the public hall to see how this little woman is going to represent the spirit of revolt in her pantomime. One would think it required masses to give adequate expression to the idea of revolt.

The curtain rises. The performance begins. At first singers appear dressed in peasant costumes and new bast shoes. They sing, using their arms freely, and dance the Russian peasant dance. Among them a red-headed country lout, clad in an unnaturally clean shirt and also wearing new bast shoes, has a patch of black showing under the red wig at the back of his head. The fact that he is blissfully unaware of this makes it all the funnier. And his ardor is so great, he is so zealous to please, that he arouses in the audience a good natured wish to encourage his efforts.

Now follows the next number on the program: Another man dressed as a peasant, also in a red wig and in bast shoes, who tells folk stories and flavors his discourse by mispronouncing words as the uneducated are supposed to. Although this might be supposed to give offense to the common people, he too elicits good natured applause.

The curtain falls. Out comes the manager in ordinary street clothes to announce the number so impatiently awaited: Anna Reinhardt in her new number, "Revolt." A sudden silence. Presently low muffled music is heard, as it were from behind thick walls. The curtain rises quickly and noiselessly. The scene represents a prison; in one corner is a gray lime-streaked wall. On the ground a bundle of straw. At the back a small square window with iron bars. In the other corner stands an altar covered with a red cloth, a wooden cross and a New Testament on it.

All eyes are fixed on the open prison door from which can be seen a flight of stone steps leading upwards. "What is coming through that door?" A sudden shrill discord from the music as though from a broken string. Then a fragile woman's body is thrust down the stone steps as if by the brutal hand of the jailer.

The audience is breathless. "There she is." The little body lies in a heap on the stone floor, all crumpled up in a helpless mass. Only her thin back and trailing gold hair can be seen. Slowly she raises her head, and rises on her knees, an expression of pain still on her face. Her gaze, in naive and childlike terror, slowly wanders around the prison, dwelling first on the bundle of straw, then on the iron-barred window.

Her eyes do not express exaggerated pain or terror as is usually done on the stage. Her face is that of a little child, with the undried tears of pain still on it, but already attracted by the novelty of her surroundings. But these surroundings are dreadful—a bundle of straw and a barred window. She understands all and the realization of her imprisonment turns her cold with horror.

She jumps up, rushes to the door, and clings to the heavy handle in shaking despair. In a paroxysm of anguish she bites her hands. For her the audience does not exist; for her there is no crowd sitting in the hall. She is alone before that door forever closed to her. She can only beat her head against its heavy panelling and bite her poor little hands to deaden the pain of the knowledge of her fate. And behind her is the desire of hundreds to push open that door with the force of strong workingmen's shoulders.

A sudden change comes over the face of the terror-stricken woman. Her gaze has fallen on the red altar with the cross on it. This red cloth is the symbol of her blood that will be shed tomorrow—perhaps today. Her eyes are wide open, full of mute horror. Then that look passes and gives place to an expression of religious transport, of resigned submission. With outstretched arms, the tears streaming down her face, she crawls to the altar on her knees, and there lies crushed in self-abasement.

Presently she raises her head, as if struck by a new thought. Her gaze is riveted on the altar. She approaches it, and as with newly awakened consciousness, takes first the New Testament, then the cross in her hand, gazes at them with a sort of curious intensity, and after putting them back on the altar, she turns and slowly passes her hand over her eyes.

An intense hush has fallen over the hall. Only the repressed breathing of hundreds of people can be heard. All of a sudden, she pricks her ears; she has heard a sound behind the scenes. She is tense. Again taking the cross, she moves to the door. The sounds behind the scene come nearer; one can distinguish a revolutionary melody, then the tramp of hundreds of feet. Victory!

Her glance travels from the door to the window, and in a moment her face is radiant with joy which, unconsciously, is reflected on the faces of the audience below. The unhappy enslaved creature is no more. As she straightens herself she seems to grow in stature, her eyes become large and sparkling. With quick action she breaks the cross in two, throws it on the ground, and tramples it underfoot; she tears the red cloth from the altar and waving it like a banner of victory she runs to the heavy prison door which now opens before her, allowing her saviors to enter with wild shouts of victory.

The hall is rent with yells, with the thunder of stamping feet. Hands, even chairs are waved at her. But she again has changed into the helpless little woman and appears before her audience with hands outstretched like those of a child, bowing and smiling a quiet bright smile.

The performance is over. She removes the make-up from her face with a bit of cotton, closes her suitcase, and having received her ten rubles, she leaves her dressing-room. She goes home to her room. A large antique bed, two portraits of her ancestors in general's uniform, and up against the wall a table on which is a coffee pot—this forms the furniture of her room. But she can now have caviar on her bread, and milk with her coffee.

It is late. She undresses and in her nightdress and with her feet bare she stands on her little rug and is lost in deep and silent prayer before the crucifix over her bed. Pressing her slender fingers to her forehead very tightly, she bends lower and lower, finally dropping in a heap to the floor, where she lies crouched for a long time. She implores God to understand and forgive her if he can. The sacrilege is only acted on the stage; in her heart she is faithful and believing as of old. But she no longer has the strength to use tooth powder instead of face powder.

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# In the Driftway

HE was lettering a huge bill board and doing it so rapidly and yet neatly that the Drifter paused to admire, then mustered courage to speak. "How many years does it take to do it as fast as that?" "I'm not very fast. I've only been at it twenty years." He smiled and dug for a cigarette. "It depends on the man, how long he's an apprentice. I was three an' a half years, but I was anxious to learn. Most of them are six or seven. You know, nowadays at the scale they get—how much do you think a helper gets? He gets fifty dollars a week. Well, lots of 'em are satisfied an' don't want to get further. Now me, I wanted to go up, not just for the more money but for the honor of it.

* * * * *

"WAS our increase handed to us on a platter? Hell, no! We fought for it. Ten weeks we was out. Strike benefit came in mighty good then. Either a five-day week or higher scale we asked for. Now we got it, and no lay-offs in the middle of the week. Fourteen dollars a day for a man doing this work; ten for the helper. Union makes pretty good conditions. Why, you know what they used to do in the old days? Used to send a man out to paint in the swamps all alone. Of course they furnished hip boots. Had to carry tackle with a rope almost as big as this, paints, brushes, everything. Then probably pull off a piece of the signboard to stand on. And they'd tell you: 'Do this sign—bigger'n this it would be—today.' An' if you said 'Well, I don't know for sure whether I can finish,' they'd say 'Don't go out then.' Yeh, it's pretty good now.

* * * * *

"YEH, an' I'm not satisfied even now. No. I've been trying to paint. Been to school winters for the last five or six years. Grand Central. Portraiture an' life classes—nudes, you know, and action sketches. I'm doing four portraits right now. . . Yeh, and in Pennsylvania I took several summers off. Did landscape work. 'Bout thirty-five miles from Philadelphia. Been to Cape Cod two summers. Studied with Hawthorne there. . . You know those men that are really finished—Well, I s'pose you wouldn't call them exactly finished ever—it's too big a field. But you know. Men with a national, I might even say an international reputation I've known, they pretty near go hungry sometimes. These rich people get their pictures painted by about everybody that's big; then they don't want any more. And these men, they'd rather go hungry or anyway be poor than do a cheap portrait. And there's lots of people who could give $250 for a portrait and would probably like it.

* * * * *

"YES sir! That's it! That's just it! There's nothing better in life than creative work. I don't get any money out of these portraits I'm doing now. It's kind of, well, I haven't any studio, and, well, it's kind of embarrassing to have a model—you and your wife—and it's embarrassing for the model too. The wife, she gets tired posing. So these people they are friends of ours and they come in, and during the rest period we have a little tea and something to eat maybe, and talk. . . You're right. Yes, sir. If everybody gets interested in art—if those people who could pay $250 or so would think of having their portraits done . . . a great market and it would—stimulate. . . . Oh yes, quite a few. There's George Green, and a fellow name of Hendrickson, and a fellow—Bill Watts. They're all good painters. Bill Watts is really clever. I mean he's unusual, but he can't get work. Drinks. . . . Glad you stopped. It's good to talk to some one that's interested in things."

* * * * *

MAY it ever be that several hundred millions of people (oh yes, there must be a limit some time) may have leisure, time free from the production of the necessities of existence?

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## Sex Literature Continued Further

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems surprising that a man of such attainments as Mr. McFee seems to possess should speak of "Ulysses" in the same breath as "The Sun Also Rises." I agree with the writer of the letter headed, "Sissified Sex Literature" about the modern sexy story which portends to be art, or as he calls it, "important." It is fairly obvious that Brett herself called the turn by dubbing herself unmistakably canine, which she undoubtedly was, and yet why should this novel even be mentioned with such a masterpiece as "Ulysses."

Any person who wades through 735 pages of "Ulysses" cannot be accused of pruriency, and any human individual who approaches the work without apology will never feel the need of extenuation for reading a book that Mr. McFee calls "feminine in its preoccupation with the nastiness of sex." The book is certainly not milk for babes; neither is real literature. Finishing "Ulysses" for the first time you may call it the "maddest, muddiest, most loathsome book issued in our own or any other time . . . inartistic, incoherent, unquotably nasty," as the *Sphere* reviewed it, or you may agree with the *Police Gazette* of England, the *Sporting News* (the *Pink 'Un*), that the main contents of the book are enough to make a Hottentot sick, "not alone sordidly pornographic but intensely dull."

These reviews may summarize Mr. McFee's opinion of sex and the writer's preoccupation with it in "Ulysses," but at the risk of opprobrium many writers have stated that it is a great work and will have more influence on literature and writers than any book of the last two hundred years. Ford Madox Ford says: "One feels admiration that is almost reverence for the incredible labors of this incredible genius. . . . No writer after today will be able to neglect 'Ulysses' . . . an adult, a European work . . . austere and composed—a book of profound knowledge and profound renderings of humanity."

Undoubtedly "Ulysses" is more obscene than most professedly pornographic books, but it is too big to call either indecent or either moral or unmoral. This great Rabelaisian work with its portentous display of Irish mythology, folklore, and history; its accumulation of thousands of references to ancient philosophy and symbolism; its vast store of knowledge extending and embracing every known form of education will never be forgotten by the erudite who regard literature as something more than ice cream.

Mr. Gilbert Seldes remarked in a review appearing in *The Nation* that Joyce was "among the very great writers of whom only two could be named as compared to him in regard to the long devotion to their work and for the triumphant conclusion—Flaubert and Henry James." Mr. Seldes goes on to say in one of the finest criticisms of "Ulysses" that "The galvanic fury in which the 'Walpurgisnacht' episode is played, is, one feels certain, not equalled in literature."

"Ulysses" is certainly not "feminine in its preoccupation

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with the nastiness of sex." It is too big a work to be called dirt, or labeled or pigeon-holed in some convenient nook as anything. "Ulysses" is not dirt and being creative it is art. Mr. McFee is perfectly justified in rebelling at the hundreds of decidedly cheap and florid works that are being passed off as works of art. Why, though, class "Ulysses" with anything so innocuous as Beyle's "Le Rouge et Le Noir" or as unimportant as "The Sun Also Rises"?

Homer's poem may not have been conceived in the same spirit as "Ulysses" but as a record or chronicle it follows the blind poet faithfully. If all Mr. McFee can see in "Ulysses" is the so-called "dirt" and "smut" he had better re-read the book with patience (and anyone needs it). Rabelais has never been dirt for Pullman smoking cars and I doubt if the average traveling man has ever heard of James Joyce.

*Seattle, Washington, July 26* JOHN LEEDS KERR

## The Truth About Canossa

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Just as I was beginning to hope that the old legend of Lambert of Hersfeld in regard to Henry IV was dead *The Nation* helps to revive it. Forty years ago German scholars showed that the story of "three days and three nights in the snow" was ridiculous and historically without foundation. The letter of Gregory VII covering the case already disproves that. Scholarship had gone so far that every recent text on the Middle Ages has embodied the new and sound interpretation. And now *The Nation* cartoons the legend and gives it a new lease of life!

Will you not please tell your readers that Henry IV was not *ordered* to Canossa, that all efforts were made to prevent his going, that his "penitence" was a shrewd political move by which the pope was wholly outwitted, that he did not stand for three days and three nights in the snow barefooted (even Pope Gregory's letter mentions his woolens). In short that Canossa was in every sense of the term a victory of the unscrupulous king over the politician pope.

*New York, July 23* H. C. ENGELBRECHT

## Should Music Teachers Be Licensed?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "It is not their numbers which are to be watched, but their quality and the character of their instruction." This sentence quoted from your editorial Musicians and Their Jobs, June 29, sounds a challenge to music teachers and a warning to their pupils. A pointed query, "Who is to do the watching?"

Those fortunate ones who attend an endowed conservatory or a college need have little fear about the quality of their instruction. As a rule competent and well-equipped instructors are employed. It is in the field of private instruction—and a very large field—that supervision is sadly neglected and needed.

When fond parents look for a music teacher, the important consideration is "What's his price?" A few do want to know the ability and knowledge of the prospective instructor. Today any one may hang out a shingle. "Violin Studio," "Piano Studio," or "Saxaphone, Banjo and Ragtime-Piano Playing Taught—Guaranteed—6 Lessons—New Methods—Quick Results." The louder the noise, the larger the sign, the more quackery will you find. This type of instructor is interested in selling an instrument—at an enormous profit—and doesn't care about the quality of his instruction or the welfare of his pupil.

The situation here seems to be very much akin to the one which existed in the medical, legal and public-school fields before the licensing of doctors, dentists, lawyers, and teachers. Some incompetents do slip through—but the great majority are equipped to practice their profession. The state seeks to safeguard its citizens by setting up definite qualifications and standards. This licensing of individuals is being extended in many directions. Is it not time to include music teaching so that the watching will not be done in a haphazard fashion but by some board of examiners who know what music teaching requires.

*New York, July 5* SILAS J. BIRNBAUM

## President Eliot's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The family of the late Charles W. Eliot and I are desirous of obtaining as many as possible of his letters to correspondents both at home and abroad, for use or reference in connection with a biography or biographical collection of letters which I have agreed to prepare for publication. Mr. Eliot's life covered such a long span and his correspondence was so wide that we are trying to take every means of reaching what may be interesting. Letters may be sent to me at 10 East 10th Street, New York City, or if sent to the Eliot family they will be forwarded to me.

*Oakdale, Long Island, July 16* HENRY JAMES

## School Wants Old *Nations*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute wishes to complete its file of *The Nation*. As the boat carrying our first shipment of magazines to the bindery was lost, our files date back only to 1920. Will you please ask through your columns if any one has any copies of *The Nation* which he would care to dispose of.

L. H. FOSTER, Treasurer-Business Manager,
Virginia Normal and Industrial Instutute.

*Petersburg, Virginia, July 28*

## Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES A. BEARD is the author of important volumes on the economic background of American history.

EDITH CLARK is a pseudonym.

EVA FRANK has just returned from a trip to Mexico.

CORA MILEY is a resident of Oklahoma.

PANTELEIMON ROMANOV is a Russian writer.

FLOYD MCKNIGHT is a New York poet and novelist.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is author of "The Genesis of the World War."

ALTER BRODY is a New York poet, dramatist, and critic.

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**Who Is Calvin Coolidge?**

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THE NATION

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# Books

## A Legend

By FLOYD McKNIGHT

I

Small talk had occupied their lives for years—
Gossip and books—until each learned the might
Within the other's flesh one tiresome night.
Clinging in dark embrace, they knew no fears;
He touched her softly, whispered to her ears,
Attained a pinnacle of strange delight;
He built a dream that lingered with him, bright
As only an imagining appears.

The same small talk again. She would have said
How their two minds had flown too far away;
His fingers would have cherished her. Instead
The small talk trickled. Gone was an old boldness;
Invisible to all but them that day
Between those two there crept a little coldness.

II

Slowly he wandered down a darkened street,
Peered upward at a shining window-pane,
Remembering a warmth where they had lain.
He climbed a staircase leading to her suite,
But at the door he grew afraid to meet
His dreaming face to face, so fled again
Downstairs, out of the house and through the rain
Into a place to drink and think and eat.

Within her room a girl longed quietly
For his return. Frightened, she locked the door,
And watched the log-flame leaping like a dancer,
Scattering golden shadows over the floor.
She sat, holding a book upon her knee,
Listening for a knock she would not answer.

## England Arraigns Herself

*British Documents on the Origins of the War: The Outbreak of the War, June 28-August 4, 1914.* Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. His Majesty's Stationery Office. 10s. 6d.

THE British Government has issued the most important collection of documents bearing on the responsibility for the World War which has been published since the appearance of the German, Austrian, and Russian documents shortly after the close of the great conflict. It is unique in being the only complete publication of the documents on the crisis of 1914 made voluntarily by a government consisting of the same groups and classes that ruled a country before and during the World War. The German, Austrian, and Russian publications were executed by radical governments eager to discredit the capitalistic regimes in their respective countries.

The volume under review constitutes the last volume of a projected eleven-volume series designed to cover the period from 1898 to 1914. The editors of the complete work are to be the well-known British historians, George Peabody Gooch and Harold Temperley. The rather unusual procedure of publishing the last volume in a chronological sequence as the first of the set is due to the fact that Messrs. Gooch and Temperley found that Mr. J. W. Headlam-Morley had already prepared an edition of the documents on the period from June to August, 1914, and it was decided to use this immediately because of the great importance of these documents in the study of war guilt. Therefore the real editor of this volume is Mr. Headlam-Morley. Messrs. Gooch and Temperley have merely compared these documents with the originals in the Foreign Office.

Mr. Headlam-Morley was one of the leading British propagandists during the World War, and he has recently given evidence of still holding firmly to an extreme version of the war-time mythology and of being willing to stoop to misrepresentation of facts (see London *Observer*, October 3, 1926; *Quarterly Review*, January, 1927). As far as the external mechanics of the editing are concerned, he has done an admirable piece of work, his cross-references and comparisons with the original British Blue Book being most helpful. On the other hand, his historical introduction and his notes are often misleading and disingenuous, as a result of his efforts to explain away facts damaging to the Entente epic and to the reputations of those in the British Foreign Office in 1914. For example, on page xii of his introduction he dismisses as of no importance the statement made by Poincaré on the morning of July 30 that he regarded war as inevitable. Even more open to challenge is his explanation of the British deceptions of 1914 in regard to the French enclosures in Document 319.

The number of documents printed greatly exceed, of course, those published in the Blue Book of 1914, there being 161 in the Blue Book and 677 in the present volume. The interesting question at once arises as to the nature of the documents omitted from or paraphrased in the original Blue Book. For the most part, such official editing in the Blue Book appears to have been done to save the reputation of England's allies, France and Russia. The great majority of the important documents omitted or paraphrased were more damaging to France and Russia than to England. To be sure, in so far as such documents reveal an inflexible determination upon war on the part of Russia and France, they are indirectly damaging to the English pretensions of having joined in the conflict to aid her fellow-members of the Entente in a defensive war. A considerable number of documents were also omitted or paraphrased in 1914 because they embodied facts too favorable to the view that Germany and Austria did not desire war in 1914.

In regard to the Austro-Serbian crisis one learns from the British documents that the British Ambassador in Vienna, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, while not aware of the Serbian complicity in the assassination plot, fully informed Grey of the desperate plight of Austria in the face of the murder and the Serbian nationalistic intrigues. He indicated the atrocious attitude of the Serbian press in regard to the assassination, and made it clear that Austria could scarcely afford to allow the crisis to pass without decisive action in the Serbian issue. Even Dumaine, the French Ambassador in Vienna, admitted that Austria had the alternative of dealing severely with Serbia or losing the southern Slav provinces. Before the final formulation of her ultimatum or any conclusive decision as to what she would do in regard to the Serbian menace, Austria, on July 16, sent out two definite preliminary "feelers" to discover, if possible, what attitude England would take in the event of a severe Austrian policy toward Serbia. The result was an apparent indication of British indifference, which even the Russians regarded as British encouragement of a strong Austrian stand in the matter. Austria thus not only delayed her ultimatum until Poincaré had left St. Petersburg, but also received reasonable assurance of probable British neutrality in the event of complications. Nothing could be better proof of the Austrian desire to avoid a European war and of her efforts to be fairly sure of being able to localize the possible struggle with Serbia. At the beginning of the crisis, indeed, the great majority of the British not only believed that the Austro-Serbian affair should be localized but that it could be localized. Even Bienvenu-Martin, French acting Foreign Minister, told Lord Bertie in

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Paris that he did not believe that French opinion would sanction intervention on so inadequate a ground as the protection of Serbia from Austria. The fact is that the British authorities were at the outset sympathetic with Austria rather than with Serbia, and were not in any sense brought to their stand with Russia and France by the Austrian attack upon Serbia. They took an interest in the Austro-Serbian impasse only because it became apparent that Russia and France were determined to seize this crisis as an opportunity to test out the strength of the Triple Entente as against that of the Triple Alliance. "Brave and innocent little Serbia" became a potent phrase in England only after Sir Edward had surrendered to the war-makers.

In regard to Germany the British documents show that the British were completely aware that Germany did not take the initiative in urging Austria to deal severely with Serbia. Grey was quite conscious that Germany ardently wished to see the Austro-Serbian clash localized, and that she desired peace in 1914. While rejecting a conference of Powers, because it was to be called under conditions which would have been manifestly unfair to Austria, Germany cooperated enthusiastically with Grey in the diplomatic efforts to avert a general European war. Indeed, in the place of the rejected conference, Germany substituted Grey's original diplomatic proposal—direct conversations between St. Petersburg and Vienna—which Grey enthusiastically described—in 1914—as "the most preferable plan of all." Still more, Germany agreed to put pressure on Austria to modify her Serbian program even when threatened by Russian mobilization, a concession which Grey himself admitted to be acquiesence of a most difficult and unusual sort. Germany also promised not to mobilize if Russia mobilized solely against Austria, an agreement which involved grave military danger for Germany. England, of course, later refused to promise her neutrality if Germany refrained from attacking France. The British authorities were fully informed to the effect that the Russian mobilization preceded both the German and the Austrian mobilizations, and that the German mobilization was provoked by and was an answer to the Russian. They also knew that the French military preparations for war were much further advanced by July 31 than the German. Perhaps most significant of all is the letter of Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador in Berlin, to Sir Arthur Nicolson, permanent Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs at London. Written at the height of the crisis on July 30, it expresses a definite conviction that both the German Government and the German people were strong for peace:

> I have a stronger conviction than Cambon that both the Chancellor and Jagow would like to avoid a general war—whatever may be the opinion of the hot-headed division and the General Staff. This is not only my opinion but the opinion of most diplomatists and many Germans. . . . I hear in fact from all sides that the financial and industrial classes are dead against a war in any shape—but particularly against a war which in its origin does not touch German interests.

In reality the only case which Great Britain had against Germany in July, 1914, was Germany's growing industrial, commercial, and naval power. That was a weighty case, to be sure, but it was not one which had its roots in excessive militarism or aggressive diplomacy on the part of Germany. On the other hand, the British documents show that from July 24 onward Nicolson and Crowe, convinced that England should make common cause with Russia and France, instituted a most malicious campaign against German acts and intentions in their notations on the relevant dispatches, hoping thereby to overcome the caution and hesitancy of their chief, Grey. Their distortions are at times almost incredible and often make the Kaiser's digs at England in his marginal notes seem a penetrating and convincing analysis by comparison. The British documents make it absolutely certain that France and Russia were determined to force the Central Powers to accept diplomatic humiliation or the test of arms.

The British documents show that whatever Russia may have promised Serbia before the assassination of the Archduke, it is certain that by July 18 she gave Serbia assurance that she would protect her against any Austrian attack—this being long before the submission of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. Not only did Poincaré encourage the Russian militarists on his visit to St. Petersburg from July 20 to 23, but he also laid the basis for Franco-Russian solidarity in the crisis by reaffirming the Alliance and its obligations in the impending crisis, as well as by vetoing Grey's plan to avert difficulty by direct conversations between St. Petersburg and Vienna.

The precipitate Russian military measures which made the war inevitable are fully revealed in the British documents, indicating that the British Foreign Office was promptly and minutely informed as to the date and extent of all these military moves, from the preliminary plan of July 24 and 25 to the general mobilization order of July 30. It was also aware that Izvolski was asserting that war was inevitable as early as July 27, before the Austrian attack on Serbia. The British were fully informed in 1914 to the effect that the Russian mobilization came before the Austrian and the German, and that the Russian mobilization forced the German in answer and self-defense. Grey admitted this fact in a telegram to Bertie on July 31. The British even knew that the Russian mobilization was decided upon approximately twenty-fours before the German declaration of a state of imminent war, but concealed this fact from the English public for twelve years.

The clue to British policy toward Russia throughout the crisis is to be found in the note of Nicolson on Buchanan's telegram of July 24: "Our attitude during the crisis will be regarded by Russia as a test and we must be careful not to alienate her." Not only did Britain fail to exert any restraining influence on Russian policies which were recognized as leading to war; she actually encouraged such policies and acts. On July 25 Grey telegraphed Buchanan, implying that he believed the Austrian ultimatum might warrant Russian mobilization, that Germany would not mobilize if Russia mobilized solely against Austria, and that Germany would press Austria for moderation even if the latter was threatened by Russian mobilization. These telegrams were very important in encouraging the Russians to take their preliminary mobilization measures. The information sent by Grey to Russia on July 27, to the effect that the British fleet was being held in battle formation and that this should be taken by Russia as an evidence of English adherence to the Entente, appears to have been more influential than anything else in leading the Russians to risk the final step of general mobilization.

The almost criminally inciting nature of Grey's well-meant vacillation and indecision is well illustrated by his attitude toward Russia and Austria on July 27. He told the Austrians that they might well proceed to make war upon Serbia, but that they should be careful not to bring Russia into the fray. On the same day he informed the Russians that the above-mentioned mobilization of the British fleet might be taken by Russia as assurance that Great Britain would not stand aside if Russia made war on behalf of Serbia. An attitude better designed to promote extreme policies on both sides could scarcely be imagined.

The implicit indictment of France in the British documents is not less overwhelming. The British Foreign Office was entirely aware as to the inciting nature of Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg, as to his blocking of Grey's first diplomatic proposals, as to his reaffirmation of the most extreme version and application of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and as to his insistence that the Russians must be kept firm in the crisis. The pathetically weak case of France in standing by Russia in her bellicose policy was clearly pointed out by Lord Bertie, the British Ambassador in Paris. He pronounced the Russian proposal

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to protect Serbia "an absurd and obsolete attitude," and stated that he could scarcely believe that France and England would make war in behalf of so preposterous a cause. And it must be remembered that Bertie was vigorously anti-German and had cooperated with Poincaré in frustrating the Haldane negotiations in 1912. Bertie also telegraphed Grey that even Bienvenu-Martin, the French acting Foreign Minister, had admitted to him personally that he did not believe that France could be induced to go to war in support of so discreditable a cause as the Russian protection of Serbia. In short, Bertie's communications make it clear that neither the French authorities nor the French public were for war before Poincaré's return from Russia on July 29, in spite of Paul Cambon's hasty secret trip to Paris, July 25-27, and the press falsifications of German policy, initiated by the *Echo de Paris*.

The British documents contain a full and illuminating account of how Poincaré turned the tide for war as soon as he returned home, how he invented various diplomatic subterfuges to deceive the French, British, and Italian publics and to aid Grey in bringing England into the war, and how fully aware the British authorities were in July, 1914, concerning the dishonesty and hypocrisy in these French acts. Bertie reported that after Poincaré's arrival the French Government was beginning to suppress anti-militaristic meetings, that the French press was becoming more belligerent in tone, and that on the morning of July 30 Poincaré had announced that he believed war inevitable. That was the day when England and Germany united in diplomatic efforts to preserve peace, which might have succeeded but for the Russian mobilization which the French had encouraged and approved. The British were under no illusions as to the bellicose attitude and the diplomatic hypocrisy and evasiveness of their partners in the Entente. The documents even show that Cambon openly admitted to Grey in 1914 that the notorious ten kilometer withdrawal order was issued "for the sake of public opinion in England." Bertie had also warned Grey that Poincaré's appeal for a British declaration of solidarity with France and Russia was only a hypocritical subterfuge designed to make war that much more certain. Grey possessed the information which proved the atrocious French falsifications of the dates of the mobilizations and of alleged German aggression. By August 3—the day of his famous speech in behalf of France—Grey was in possession of enough information to compile a more spirited indictment of France and Russia than that contained in Judge Bausman's "Let France Explain."

The British did not desire a European war in the abstract, but they were determined to enter if France and Russia did, however bad the case of these allies. The great indictment of Great Britain in the crisis is that she did next to nothing to prevent France and Russia from exploiting the Austro-Serbian crisis as a mode of testing once and for all the strength of the two sets of alliances. The dominating leaders of the policy of unhesitating intervention were, in the order named, Sir Eyre Crowe and Sir Arthur Nicolson (Under Secretaries in the Foreign Office). Their arguments are to be found especially in the notes attached to Documents Number 101 and 369. They took the position that Great Britain would better go to war than take any chances on either straining the Entente or risking a German victory. As Crowe wrote on July 30 (Document 318):

> What must weigh with His Majesty's Government is the consideration that they should not by a declaration of unconditional solidarity with France and Russia *induce* and *determine* these two Powers to choose the path of war. If and when, however, it is certain that France and Russia cannot avoid war, and are going into it, my opinion, for what it is worth, is that in that case our intervention should be immediate and decided.

Grey hesitated because he did not want to incite France and Russia, because he did not wish to admit what he had denied, namely, secret English understandings with France, and because he feared an adverse vote in the Cabinet and the House of Commons if he were too hasty. He was muddle-headed only in his apparent failure to see that war could be avoided only by a British declaration of neutrality or by restraint of France and Russia. Churchill is revealed in the documents as "rearing to go."

The British documents furnish the final proof that the invasion of Belgium had no relation whatever to the British policy of 1914. That policy was decided upon, with the grounds for it, on July 25, three days before Moltke drew up his secret ultimatum to Belgium. Nothing whatever was said about Belgium. Further, unpublished French documents used by Bourgeois and Pagès show that Grey informed Cambon of his conversion to intervention on July 31, before he had received any answer from either France or Germany as to what stand they would take in regard to Belgium.

If one concedes that it was to the interest of Great Britain to encourage and enter a fight in behalf of the Entente, then these documents prove that Grey and his associates played their cards with great skill. But if Grey really desired to avoid a European war, then he behaved with the utmost—even criminal—stupidity. Had he put the same pressure on Russia that Germany put on Austria, or declared for British neutrality in the event of Russian aggression, there is little probability that there would have been any European war.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

# A Tract for Free Trade

*The Road to Prosperity.* By Sir George Paish with a Foreword by George E. Roberts. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

THIS is a short book, somewhat padded and distinctly repetitious. But Sir George Paish's fundamental principles are invariably sound and the thesis he develops, that Europe is still in a critical and gravely dangerous condition, no one can gainsay. The one solution he sees is the rapid expansion of the buying power of all European countries, and to that end he would remove every possible hindrance from the path of unlimited international trade. Tariffs, of course, must go first of all; reparations must be settled, confidence restored, and an economic and financial peace established. He calls earnestly for the rehabilitation of Russia by loans from the United States and Great Britain—now further off because of the ruptured diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Russia—and generally demands a financial Locarno. In effect it is all a plea for international free trade. As such everyone must welcome it who is not blinded by the protective theory.

The book will, however, fail to wield the influence the subject and the high standing of its author warrant because of the stylistic faults already referred to and because Sir George has become known as a pessimist with the result that his writings are often discounted in the very financial and economic quarters in which they should most be taken to heart. In this volume it seems, too, as if Sir George shrank from stating his case in baldest form. Yet it is a tract which ought to be in the hands of every American financier and of such of our business men as know something of economics and trade and can use their brains to reason with. Sir George lays the best remedies before the world; the question is whether his advice and that of the great group of bankers who have demanded a wiping out of tariff barriers will be heeded.

Mr. George E. Roberts of the National City Bank contributes a lengthy foreword. His comprehension of the question may be exemplified by his solemn upholding of President Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen Farm Bill on the ground that it is "contrary to the principles of the Constitution to extend special favors, which have to be paid for by the citizens as a whole, to a small percentage of these citizens. The President's position in this matter is practically in line with that of the publicists of Europe in regard to the undesirability

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of legislation that interferes with freedom of exchange and that maintains privileged classes." But what else does the tariff do? Has not the United States for generations extended special favors to manufacturers, which have to be paid for by the citizens as a whole to aid a small percentage of these citizens? Despite his respect for Sir George Paish, Mr. Roberts trembles for our protective system lest the attacks upon it involve our general prosperity and he urges all good citizens to concentrate their attention upon industries like the automobile business which are so rooted in national economic advantage as to be beyond foreign competition.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Capek's Divine Comedy

*The Absolute at Large.* By Karel Capek. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

PLAYING with ideas instead of characters need not necessarily be a didactic occupation for a novelist—providing he plays with them. The difference between the artist and the moralist is that when the artist releases an idea it is a free agent to him, an unknown quantity with limitless possibilities; whereas the moralist enslaves it from the outset to some ulterior purpose. There are those who would confine art to a diet of emotion—preferably raw—and there are those who look down upon such a diet as infantile, and would have art function cerebrally only. Both theories will rebound harmlessly when they hit an artist. What is essentially aesthetic is neither the ideas nor the emotion but the orchestration of them. Keeping this in mind, a piece of intellectual by-play by Shaw on British Imperialism may present a truer aesthetic pattern than the most "powerful" situation in Dreiser; and by the same token Karel Capek, for all his perilous consanguinity with H. G. Wells, remains an artist—to whom ideas are means rather than end.

Getting his cue from the latest adventure of modern science—the attempt to split the atom—Capek hits on the spiritual counterpart of it. Just as Science professes itself to be dismayed at the infinite physical energy which its success would unleash, Capek speculates on an equally terrific inundation of spiritual energy, which he cleverly links with the splitting of the atom and the consequent release of the Cosmic Mind imminent in all Matter. Of this he weaves a fascinating metaphysical detective story which manages to be as thrilling as a Sherlock Holmes mystery, without doing undue damage to a profound premise.

In fact one could easily take Capek seriously, if one chose to. Though he has found the splitting of the atom a convenient propulsion for his imagination the situation that he conjures up is within the bounds of conceivability. Not literally, but as a psychological phenomenon. With the unflagging aggressiveness of Science and the breakdown of the ritualized limitations that Man has erected in his mind against the Unknown, the Infinite, the Absolute, it becomes a question whether the average psyche will be able to balance itself without its accustomed supports, unless some substitute is discovered for Religion. It is a truism of comparative theology that Religion, among both civilized and primitive peoples, serves as insulator as well as conductor of the Divine. It is a conductor of the Divine largely in the sense that a lightning rod is a conductor—to attract and divert the highly dangerous divine or demonic forces into a restricted channel and prevent them from interfering with the orderly processes of society. Speaking of the innumerable taboos that hedge about divine or semi-divine representatives among primitive peoples, Frazer says:

> These taboos act, so to say, as electric insulators to preserve the spiritual force with which these persons are charged from suffering or inflicting harm by contact with the outer world.

Precisely what the Catholic bishop of Capek's novel says to the rash scientists who have broken into the cosmic Holy of Holies —the Atom:

> "Gentlemen, in the name of Heaven, do not imagine that the Church brings God into the world. The Church merely confines and controls Him. And you two unbelievers are loosing Him upon the earth like a flood. The ship of Peter will survive even this deluge; like the Ark of Noah it will ride out this inundation of the Absolute—but your modern society," cried the Bishop with a mighty voice, "*that* will pay the price!"

Food for thought! Many a Polynesian race has been annihilated through the forcible break-up of its protective taboos by western "civilizers." We ourselves have fared well so far, because the dissolution of our taboos is proceeding much more gradually. Nevertheless modern science is accumulating, however gradually, a serious problem for the psychiatry of the future.

But Capek has wisely chosen to be a jester rather than a prophet. Which makes his Absolute at Large all the more deadly. Unharnessed to any program, bound for no particular destination, it runs amok among our contemporary institutions —which turn topsy-turvy at its transvaluating touch. The result is a grand cosmic comedy in which the Lord Himself is one of the funniest actors. For Capek is impartial. If our human foibles are a spectacle for visiting Gods, equally ludicrous are the efforts of the Lord at running the machinery of modern industry in the same incontinent fashion in which He runs Nature. Satire from such an original starting point may seem so easy that one is tempted to feel that Capek has not sufficiently exploited all its possibilities. But one can hardly blame him for not having rung all the changes on such a rich theme.

ALTER BRODY

## Books in Brief

*Prosper Mérimée: A Mask and a Face.* By G. H. Johnstone. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

A vivid and well-written account of a writer too little known in English. The general disrepute into which the French romantic period has fallen has intended to obscure the fact, made abundantly clear by Mr. Johnstone, that Mérimée, for the most part, merely aped the romantic fashions of his time and that, like Stendhal, with whom he has much in common, his soul was really in the eighteenth century. It is too bad that Mérimée should be known by generations of school children as the author of "Colomba" and "Carmen" and as the fashioner of a factitious local color when his early satires, his short stories, and the durable and disillusioned quality of his mind offer to the modern reader a store of riches for the most part unsuspected. Mr. Johnstone's careful and enthusiastic study should attract many readers to the consideration of this fascinating figure, whose motto was "beware of believing."

*William Henry Harrison; a Political Biography.* By Dorothy Burne Goebel. Indiana Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Indianapolis: Historical Bureau of the Indiana Library and Historical Department.

Curious that we have been forced to wait to this late day for a satisfactory biography of William Henry Harrison. He was not a great man, but he was identified with the Ohio Valley from its earliest pioneer days until, grown wealthy and populous, it began manufacturing favorite sons for the Presidency. Miss Goebel has succeeded in writing a scholarly biography which will repay perusal by any reader who is interested in the career of an ordinary American official of a region as it was passing from the frontier period to a state of semi-civilization. Possibly the author may be criticized for not sufficiently identifying her hero with the changing environment about him. Harrison was not, however, a product

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of the frontier. His most impressionable years were spent among the F.F.V.'s, and the prejudices and culture of the Old Dominion clung to him throughout life. The author has constantly been confronted with the direct issue raised by conflicting claims of rival partisans. The evidence is not always sufficient to determine the truth. Miss Goebel sometimes appears too favorable to Harrison, but not often. She recognizes propaganda such as Harrison's friends and enemies employed, and escapes generally its traps. After reading this volume, one is convinced that the taunt of "land-grabber" so often used in connection with Harrison should be softened. The policy he pursued concerning Indian lands was evidently manufactured in Washington. He obeyed orders, as other politicians of the Ohio Valley have generally done.

*The American Year Book. A Record of Events and Progress for the Year 1926.* Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart and William M. Schuyler. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

*Mirrors of the Year. A National Review of Oustanding Figures, Trends, and Events of 1926-7.* Edited by Grant Overton. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. $4.

After annual publication from 1910 to 1919, inclusive, "The American Year Book" was dropped until last year, when it reappeared. The second volume of the new series is now at hand, containing more than a thousand pages of useful information assembled by a staff of specialists. A new feature is the addition, in connection with each general subject, of a list of societies whose activities relate to it. "Mirrors of the Year" is less a record of events than a series of monographs by American writers giving a personal interpretation of certain aspects which to them seem worth setting down.

*Natural Man: A Record from Borneo.* By Charles Hose. London: Macmillan and Company. 30 shillings.

We learn here of an early English visitor to Borneo, Charles Brooke, who accomplished an interesting variation of the usual British imperialistic practices. In 1841 he took command of the troops of one warring faction of the natives of Sarawak on condition that if he quieted the country he should become its Rajah. So to this day the Rajahs of Sarawak have been Englishmen, and the whole of northwest Borneo is now British. Mr. Hose gives a competent but uninspired record of the lives of two of the aboriginal peoples who live in the jungles, the Kayans and the Kenyahs—their tribal and village life, their ceremonials, their festivals, their arts and crafts, their religious beliefs, and their medical practices—and there is a final chapter on Morals and Mentality, where we learn the fact, not too startling, that in neither respect are these people identical with the inhabitants of Western Europe.


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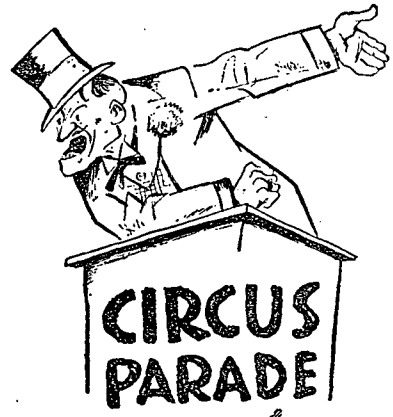


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# International Relations Section

## The Press in Haiti

THE oppression of Haitian editors under the American occupation was discussed by a Haitian, Carlos Martins, at the International Congress against Colonial Oppression and Imperialism, held recently in Brussels. Excerpts from his address follow.

After the American occupation of Haiti was established and in the proclamation launched by M. Louis Borno to announce his election to the presidency under guard of American marines, he had menaced the press with the thunders of martial law. A short time afterward, because of an article by Maitre S. Villard, notary, published in the *Nouvelliste* of Port-au-Prince, President Borno sent the author and the two editors, M. Ernest G. Chauvet and M. Fred. Duvigneaud, before the American court martial, which condemned the three journalists to imprisonment for six months, and to a fine of $300 each. This proceeding made more noise in the United States than in Haiti.

An order arrived from Washington to set them free. Then the High Commissioner cooked up with his marionette-president the most iniquitous of laws against the freedom of the press, which the Council of State ratified. And with the complicity of the examining magistrates, corruptly appointed by M. Louis Borno, "preventive imprisonment" has become the most formidable weapon in the hands of the American occupation against the newspaper men.

Let us examine these laws briefly: Under these press laws, which might be more justly termed "ukases against the press," every offense that may be committed by the press is a flagrant offense; that is to say, the government prosecutor can send a journalist to prison arbitrarily, without considering the time which may have elapsed since the publication of the incriminating article. The government's legal representative in the courts may order a summons issued against a newspaper man at any time he sees fit; and, after a pretended examination of the offending article may convert that summons into an order for imprisonment!

The manager and the editor of a newspaper are imprisoned with the writer of the article, as in the recent proceedings against M. Charles Moravia and M. Maurice Debrosse, editor-proprietor and manager of the *Temps*. In 1924 they also imprisoned the pressman of the *Poste's* printing establishment, as an accomplice in a pretended offense against the press laws. In 1925 they went still further, and locked up all the compositors of the *Courrier Haitien*, while, under the direction of an American officer, gendarmes brought coffee sacks and piled into them all the type in the composing room, which they took in a truck to the record office of the civil tribunal. . . .

It should be remembered not only that these ukases against the press are the work of the American occupation, but the agents who execute these orders are American officers. The chief of police and his deputy, the chief and the under-chief of the gendarmerie, and all the officers of public authority belong to the United States Marine Corps. It is unnecessary to say that the director of the penitentiary where they confine newspaper men is an American drawn from the Expeditionary Corps, assisted by two officers of the same origin. What happens to a newspaper man thus arbitrarily cast into prison? He stays there, without examination by a magistrate, without the judgment of a court. And if an American philanthropic society, knowing of the case, makes an appeal to the State Department at Washington, the invariable response is: "It is the native government which has acted, and we are powerless to interfere in the domestic affairs of Haiti, especially as we know from the reports of our High Commissioner that the Haitian government has proceeded by virtue of the powers conferred upon it by the national press laws, duly enacted and promulgated." . . .

More than that, the Haitian penal code provides that any one detained in a house of arrest has a right to an examination within twenty-four hours, but the examining magistrate named by the phantom-president, in agreement with the High Commissioner, as always, permits weeks to go by without calling the prisoner to his office to question him as to his identity and on the subject of the accusation. In general those who are so disposed may obtain the "favor" of being called before the examining magistrate on presenting a request for provisory liberty under caution (release on bail). But that request became useless with the ukase of 1923, which stipulated that provisory liberty could not be accorded to a newspaper man unless the magistrate's conclusions were in accord with the views of the government prosecutor. That is to say, the official casting a man into prison had the sole power to release his victim!

However, M. Pouget, editor of the *Poste*, when he was accused of an offense against the press laws and refused provisory liberty, denounced the unconstitutionality of this ruling to the Court of Cassation, on the ground that by virtue of the principle of the separation of powers, written in the constitution, the agent of the executive power might draw his conclusions as to the party to an action but could not deliver sentences, and that the judge alone possessed this high power. The complete bench of the Court of Cassation declared, in effect, that the law was unconstitutional, and consequently inoperative.

Very promptly when this decree had been pronounced, the High Commissioner and his president caused a new law to be registered by their Council of State to replace that declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Under this new law it was no longer necessary that the examining magistrate's decision should be in conformity with the views of the prosecuting officer, but worse than that, neither the magistrate nor any other court was permitted to accord provisory freedom, with or without bail, to newspaper men undergoing preventive imprisonment. . . .

Recourse was had anew to the Court of Cassation, and again the law was decreed to be unconstitutional. But during all these proceedings, the newspaper men remained in prison, which was the object of the reigning dictatorship.

After these two reversals by Haitian justice, a third law was imposed. This time, in conformity with ordinary law, the right of provisory liberty was admitted, but the bail for each succeeding accusation by the prosecuting officer, and for each co-author or accomplice in the offense named by the court was fixed at $2,000 in cash; neither realty deeds nor the bonds of the Haitian Republic can be substituted for this purpose.

But, you ask, how can the editor of a newspaper, locked up in jail, be implicated in a new offense against the press laws, since he is no longer writing? That is the unbelievable paradox of a military dictatorship. Under the regulations of the penitentiary, enforced by an American officer, an imprisoned newspaper man cannot write. If a scrap of writing is found in a cell, the penalty is transfer to a dungeon, on bread and water. But if a new offense against the press laws is committed by his substitute, the editor is taken from prison to court to receive a new order of imprisonment as an accomplice. At the same time the author and the new manager may be sent to join him in the penitentiary. For a newspaper to be able to free its editor, its manager, and their collaborators would require a large liquid fortune. . . .

M. Louis-Eduard Pouget was arrested on December 26, 1924, because of an article on Charles XII, king of Sweden, who was killed in the year 1718. M. Louis Borno considered this to be "provocation for his assassination," and his master, General John H. Russell, a "recommendation for the assassination of functionaries." After five days of preventive imprisonment, M.

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Pouget was taken from his cell to receive a new order of imprisonment as "the artisan of a plot to bring about the assassination of President Louis Borno." He demanded a hearing before an examining magistrate on this accusation. The only response was to confine him to a secret cell, day and night. He went on a hunger strike, in order to compel the attendance of a magistrate. After eight days, in the course of which he was much weakened, an examining magistrate appeared at the penitentiary to question him. He was permitted to quit his cell, but was not released from prison until seven months later, July 31, 1925; and from that day to this, no legal document has ever set forth whether such a plot existed or not. However, during that period, an individual who did not know M. Pouget, and whom M. Pouget did not know, was taken before the prosecuting officer who threatened to send him to prison if he did not agree to make a declaration that the editor of the *Poste* had offered him money to assassinate M. Borno. He refused to agree and was locked up, but upon provisory liberation, he went to the editorial rooms of the *Poste* and made this revelation which was published. No one would have dared to lie about so grave a matter. The government contented itself with ordering the magistrate to docket the case, and replied to the inquiries of M. Pouget's lawyer, "the examination is proceeding normally. . . .

The comedy of "reelection" was played on April 12, 1926. On March 26, they arrested the editor of the *Poste*, who had published the official documents proving the constitutional ineligibility of M. Borno, who was born in 1865, son of a foreigner naturalized as a Haitian nine years later; but M. Pouget's arrest was under an accusation of publishing "false news," because he demanded that the government "make an official declaration" to reassure the people regarding a report that a territorial concession had been sold to the United States for the establishment of a naval base. The government prosecutor held that this rumor was not true, and that consequently the journal had published false information. Two days later a fresh order of imprisonment was issued against M. Pouget as an accomplice of M. Latortue. Maitre Lys Latortue, an attorney of the Gonaives bar, had announced in the *Poste* that the Americans no longer permitted the Haitians to go bathing in Lapierre, a bathing beach near Gonaives, during the time that Americans were bathing. M. Latortue asked these gentlemen in khaki if they had taken these beaches as their own property, their naval base. Naval base! This offense of "giving false news of a nature to disturb the public peace," occasioned the imprisonment of Latortue as its author, and the second order of imprisonment against M. Pouget as his accomplice.

On April 16, American bayonets having again precipitated M. Borno into the presidency, two American officers came to release M. Latortue, M. Pouget, and his manager from the penitentiary. M. Pouget had not been called before an examining magistrate in this second affair. He related the incident in his newspaper, with this comment: "One does not know by whose order, that of the dictator or the under-dictator, he was set at liberty, but it certainly was not by the court, for he had never been interrogated by the examining magistrate. But the American High Commissioner was moved. When he gave the order to free his prisoners, he did not know the state of the case. . . ."

To correct this mistake, on June 16, 1926, the examining magistrate called the editor of the *Poste* before him for examination on the March offense and informed him that he himself had ordered that the editor be restored to liberty. This gives a correct idea of the insolence of the Yankee dictatorship in Haiti.

The epilogue is grotesque. Toward the end of 1926, the High Commissioner caused a decree of amnesty to be issued through M. Borno, couched in generous terms, in favor of the newspaper men who had not been brought to trial, and including all accusations made by the government prosecutor, and those which had been brought without authority, not to mention those which were based on the phantom plot of 1924!

# A Voice From a Haitian Jail

*THE NATION* has received a letter dated July 26, 1927 from the penitentiary at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, reading as follows:

> The undersigned make it their duty to express to you their deep appreciation of the editorial printed in your issue of July 20 concerning their arrest and confinement.
>
> We are still in jail and forbidden to have ink, paper, and pencil in our possession; that is why we are addressing you in such an informal way.
>
> Please accept our best thanks and continue to help us in your most esteemed paper, using all your influence in our favor.
>
> We are, dear sir,
>
> Yours very sincerely,
>
> The Editor of the *Temps*, Charles Moravia
> The Editor of the *Nouvelliste*, Ern. G. Chauvet
> The Editor of the *Courrier Haïtien*, Jolibois Fils
> The Editor of the *Haïtien*, Jean Charles Pressoir
> The Editor of the *Variétés*, Clamart Ricourt
> The Editor of the *Petit Capois*, Edmond Liautand
> The Editor of *Stella*, Luc E. Fouché
> The President of L'Union Patriotique and of L' Association Fraternelle des Travailleurs, P. Thoby.
> The Secretary-General of L'Union Patriotique, Victor Cauvin

The communication from the penitentiary in Port-au-Prince then goes on to tell of the difficulties with the cable company as follows:

1. We were arrested on June 24 and are still in jail.
2. Only seven of us have been interrogated by the judge.
3. On the 16th of July Mr. Petit, secretary of L'Association Fraternelle des Travailleurs of which Mr. P. Thoby is the president, wrote a cablegram to Mr. William Green, president of the Pan-American Federation of Labor in order to inform him that Mr. Thoby was going to sail for New York in order to attend the 5th congress, when he was arrested, and that Haiti therefore would not be represented at said congress. The cablegram was received by All America Cable, Inc., and paid for, on the 16th, but the company returned it to the sender on the 21st of July with a letter saying that the Haitian Government had forbidden the sending of the cable. That's the gag! And Haiti is so prevented from being heard in the States.

On the 22nd of July we asked one of our friends outside, the same Mr. Petit, to cable to Mr. Green. The cablegram read as follows: "Read editorial *The Nation* of July 20th. Take action in favor of jailed members."

All America Cable accepted the cablegram, but asked the sender to write "Take defense," instead of "Take action."

I wish you might investigate the case, asking All America Cable, Inc., (New York Office) what they know about that thing and urging them to explain if there was any state of war that justifies such a censorship not only against us but against such a personage as Green, who has a right, I suppose, to be notified as to the reasons why a delegate to the congress he is presiding over cannot attend thereto.

What means the changing of words and what if the cablegram was coded?

The censorship is against you, *The Nation,* against any American paper and organization, and that is an unbelievable thing.

Please communicate the fact to an American daily that may take up the matter with All America Cable and let the American public know how the Haitian people is forbidden to cry when it is being crushed.

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